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The Lure of the Mask

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XIV.

Gray Veils.

The fascination of Monte Carlo is not to be described; it must be seen. Vice shall be attractive, says the Mother of Satan. At Monte Carlo it is more than attractive; it is compelling. A subtle hypnotism prevails. One scarce realizes that this lovely spot is at the same time the basest. What passions have stormed this cliff! What rage and despair have beaten their hands against these bastions of pleasure! How few who plunge into this maelstrom of chance ever rise again! The lure of gold, there is nothing stronger save death. Fool and rogue, saint and sinner, here they meet and mingle and change. To those who give Monte Carlo but a trifling glance, toss a coin or two on the tables, and leave by the morrow's train, it has no real significance; it is simply one of the sights of Europe.

To this latter class belonged the two young men. They had no fortunes to retrieve, no dishonesty to hide, no restitution to make, no dancers to clothe and house. It was but a mild flirtation. They saw the silken gown outside rather than the rags beneath; they saw the smile rather than the tortured mind behind it.

They dined sumptuously at the cafe de Paris. They wandered about the splendid terraces on the sea-front. They had grown accustomed to the many beautiful women, always alone, always with roving eyes. Frequently Merrihew longed to chat with this one or that; and sometimes rebelled against his inability to speak the maddening tongue. Tonight, though the dinner had been excellent and the chambertin all that could be desired, the two were inclined to be moody. So far fortune had not smiled, she had frowned persistently. They found a vacant bench and sat down.

"Ho-hum!" said Merrihew, dangling his monocle to which he had attached a string.

"Heigh-ho!" replied Hillard.

"Curse those cigars!"

"With all my heart."

They had searched Nice and Monaco, and Mentone, but the women they sought were not to be found. They decided, therefore, that the women had gone on to Paris, and that there was now no hope of seeing them this side of the Atlantic. They had not entered the Casino during the day: they had been too busy quizzing hotel porters and concierges along the Riviera.

"My system needs a tonic," said Merrihew.

"We'll hold the funeral after tonight's play. Of all the damfool games, it's roulette."

"And I can prove it," Merrihew replied. "I have just fifty dollars left." He took out the gold and toyed with it. "Can you hear it?" he asked.

"Hear what?"

"The swan-song of these tender napoleons?"

Merrihew had played the numbers, the dozens, the columns, the colors, odd and even. Sometimes he would win a little, but a moment later the relentless rake would drag it back to the bank. His chance to play the good Samaritan to the derelicts of the American Comic Opera company was fast approaching the dim horizon of lost opportunities. Presently he screwed the monocle into his eye and squinted at the sea, the palaces on the promontory, the yachts in the harbor, all tranquil in shadowy moonlight.

"Nature has done this very prettily. Quite clever with her colors, don't you know," he drawled, plucking the down on his upper lip, for he was trying to raise a mustache, convinced that two waxed points of hair at each corner of his mouth would impress the hotel waiters and other facchini—baseborn.

"Don't be a jackass!" Hillard was out of sorts.

"You agreed with me that I was one. Why not let me make a finished product?" good-humoredly.

"You will have your joke."

"Yes, even at the expense of being blind in one eye; for I can't see through this glass; positive stove-lid. Every time I focus you, you grow as big as a house. No, I'd never be happy as a lord. Well, let us have our last fling. You might as well let me have my letter of credit now."

"You will not set eyes upon it till we return to Genoa. That's final. I know you, my boy, and I know Monte Carlo. Even with your fifty, a watch and a ring, I'm afraid to trust you out of sight."

"I can see that you will never forgive nor forget—those cigars. Come on. We'll take a look at our Italian friend. He's a bad loser. I have seen him lose his temper, too. It's my opinion that he's a desperate man."

"They usually are when they come to Monte Carlo."

So they walked round to the entrance to the gaming halls, where the lights, the gowns, the jewels, the sparkling eyes, the natural beauty and the beauty of enamel, the vague perfumes, the low murmur of voices, the soft rustle of silks, the music of ringing gold, all combine to produce a picture and ensemble as beautiful as a mirage and as false. Nothing is real in Monte Carlo but the little pieces of gold and the passion to win them. The two renewed their tickets of admission and passed on into the famous atrium, stared a while at the news bulletin, whereon all the important events of the day are briefly set forth, and gazed musingly at the bats darting across the ceiling, real bats, a sinister omen such as one sees in imaginative paintings of the Door of Hades. At 9 they joined the never-ending procession which passes in and out of the swinging doors day after day, year after year.

The faces one sees in the Hall of Roulette! Here and there one which will haunt the onlooker through the rest of his days. Packed about the long tables were young faces flushed with hope or grey with despair; middle-aged faces which expressed excitement or indifference; old, old faces, scarred and lined and seamed where avarice, selfishness, cruelty dishonesty crossed and recrossed till human semblance was literally blotted out. Light-o'-loves, gay and careless; hideous old crones, who watched the unwary and stole the unwary's bets; old women in black, who figured and figured imaginary winnings and never risked anything but their nerves. And there were beautiful women, beautifully gowned, beautifully gemmed; some of them good, some of them indifferent, and some of them bad. Invariably Hillard found himself speculating on the history of this woman or that; the more gems, the more history. Here the half-world of Europe finds its kingdom and rules it madly. The fortunes these women have poured into this whirligig of chance will never be computed. And there was the gentlemanly blackleg, the ticket-of-leave man, and outcasts and thieves; but all of them were well dressed, and, for the time being, well behaved.

Occasionally Merrihew caught some daring beauty's eye, and usually there followed a conversation, familiar to all ages and to all peoples, confined to the eyebrow, the eyelid, and the merry little wrinkles in the corner. When any spoke to him, however, and many did, for his face was fresh and pleasing, he would reply in English that he spoke no French, regretfully.

"There's the chap with the scar. He is a handsome beggar," Hillard admitted. "I wonder what sort of blackleg he is? He's no ordinary one, I'm certain. I begin to recognize the face of the man with him. He's a distinguished diplomat, and he would not associate with a man who was thoroughly bad, according to law leaving out the moral side of it. Let us watch him."

The Italian played like an old hand; a number once in a while, but making it a point to stake on the colors. Red began to repeat itself. He doubled and doubled. On the sixth consecutive turn he played the maximum of twelve thousand francs, and won. The diplomat touched him on the arm significantly, but the player shook his head. Ten minutes later he had won forty thousand francs. Again he refused to leave his chair.

"If he stays now," said Hillard, "he will lose it all. His friend is right."

"Forty thousand francs. Eight thousand dollars!" murmured Merrihew sadly. Why couldn't we have luck like this?"

Hillard was a true prophet. There came a change in the smile of fortune. The game jumped from color to color, seldom repeating, with zero making itself conspicuous. The man with the scar played on, but he began to lose, small sums at first, then larger, till finally he was down to his original stake. The scar grew livid. He waited five turns of the wheel, then placed his stake on the second dozen. He lost. He rose from his chair, scowling. His eye chanced to meet Hillard's, and their glances held for a moment.

"Fool!" said Merrihew, in an undertone, as the man strolled leisurely passed them. "Eight thousand, and not content to quit!"

"My boy, a man who needs a hundred thousand and wins but eight is seldom content." Hillard followed the Italian with his eye as he approached one of the lounges. There the loser was joined by his friend, and the two of them fell to gesticulating wildly, after the manner of their race. Hillard understood this pantomime; the diplomat had been a shareholder. "Start your play, Dan, I'll find plenty of amusement at the other tables. My watching your game hasn't brought you any luck up to the present. Go in and give 'em a beating."

Merrihew hastened over to the north table. This was, according to report, the table which had no suicide's chair, and Marrihew, had his private superstitions like the rest of us. At 11 o'clock the banks closed, so he had but two hours in which to win a fortune. It was not possible for him to lose one; in this the gods were with him.

Meanwhile the trolleys from Nice and Mentone had poured into Monte Carlo their usual burdens of pleasure seekers. On one of the cars from Nice there had arrived two women, both veiled and simply gowned. The conductor had seen them before, but never at night. They seldom addressed each other, and never spoke to any one else. He picked them up at Villefranche. Doubtless they were some sober married women out for a lark. Upon leaving the car they did not at once go into the Casino, but directed their steps toward the terraces, for the band was playing. They sat in the shadow of the statue of Massenet, and nearby the rasp of a cricket broke in upon the music. When the music stopped they linked arms and sauntered up and down the wide sweep of stone, mutually interested in the crowds, the color and the lights. Once, as they passed behind a bench, the better to view the palace of the prince, they heard the voices of two men.

"Ho-hum!"

"Heigh-ho!"

As they went on, the women heard something about cigars. The men were Americans, evidently. It was only an inconsequent incident, and a moment later both had forgotten it. By and by they proceeded to the Casino. Rarely women wear veils at Monte Carlo. On the contrary, they go there (most of them) to be seen, admired and envied. Thus, these two were fully aware of the interest they excited. At frequent intervals royalty—the feminine side of the family—steals into Monte Carlo, often unattended. When one's yacht is in the harbor below, it does not entail much danger. There is a superstition regarding veils; but no attendant requested the women to remove them. They dared not, for fear of affronting royalty. It was a delicate situation, so far as the attendants were concerned.

"At which table shall I make the stake, Kitty?"

"The center; there is alwas a crush there, and we shall not be noticed."

"I do not agree with you there. However, it shall be the center table. What would you do, Kitty, if I should break the bank?"

"Die of excitement!" truthfully.

"You will live through this event, then." With a light careless laugh, La Signorina pressed her way to the table.

The play here was in full swing, and in some cases very high. She opened her purse and took out a handful of gold. These napoleons were all that remained of the capital intrusted her. She hesitated for some time, then placed a coin on the number twenty-five, her age. The ivory ball spun round and round, till it lost some of its force and slanted, struck one of the little silver obstacles, and bounded into one of the compartments. It was the number twenty-five; thirty-five napoleons for one, a hundred and forty dollars! Kitty uttered an ejaculation of delight. Many looked enviously at the winner as the neat little stack of gold was pushed toward her. She took the gold and placed it on black. Again she won. The fortune packed up and went elsewhere. She lost steadily, winning but one bet in every ten. She gave no sign, however, that her forces were in full retreat from the enemy. She played on, and the hand which placed the bets was steady. She was a thoroughbred. And when the gold was all gone, she opened her empty hands expressively and shrugged. She was beaten.

Behind the chair of the banker, opposite, stood the Italian. The scowl still marred his forehead. When the woman in the veil spread out her hands he started. There was something familiar to his mind in that gesture. And then the woman saw him. For the briefest moment her form stiffened and the shape of her chin was molded in the veil. Slight as this sign was, the Italian observed it. But he was puzzled.

"Kitty," La Signorina whispered, "let us go out to the atrium. I am tired."

They left the hall leisurely and found a vacant settle in the atrium.

"I have a horror of bats," said La Signorina.

"How cold your hands are!" exclaimed Kitty. "Never mind about the money. They will understand."

"Kitty, I am a fool, a fool! I have unwittingly put my head in the lion's mouth. If I had not reached this seat in time, I should have fallen. I would willingly give all my rings if, at this moment, I could run across the hall and out into the open!"

"Merciful Heaven! Why, what is the matter? What has happened?" Kitty was all in a flutter.

"I can not explain to you."

"Was it some one you saw in there?"

"Silence; and sit perfectly still!"

The swinging doors opened and closed. A man in evening dress came out into the atrium, lighting a cigarette. At sight of him both women were startled. Their emotions, however, were varied and unlike.

"It is Mr. Hillard, Mr. Merrihew's friend!" Kitty would have risen, but the other's strong hand restrained her.

"Kitty, remember your promise."

"Is he the man?"

"No, no! Only, I have said that we must not meet him. It might do him incalculable harm. Harm!" La Signorina repeated; "do you understand?"

"But—"

"Silence, I command you!"

The tone had the power to subdue Kitty. The indignant protest died on her lips. She sat perfectly still, but she would have liked to cry. To let Mr. Hillard pass by in this manner, without a sign of friendliness or recognition! It was intolerable. And he could tell where Merrihew was (as indeed he could!) and what he was doing. She choked and crushed the ends of her veil.

Hillard blew outward a few pale rings of smoke and circled the atrium with an indolent glance which stopped as it rested upon the two veiled women sitting alone. Besides being bored and wanting amusement, a certain curiosity impelled him toward them, and he sank on the settle beside them, with perhaps half a dozen spans of the hand between. He smoked till the cigarette scorched his fingers, then he dropped it, extinguishing the coal with the toe of his pump. He observed the women frankly. Not a single wisp of hair escaped the veils, not a line of any feature could be traced, and yet the tint of flesh shone dimly behind the silken bands of crape, and the eyes sparkled. He nodded.

"A wonderful scene in there," indicating the swinging doors. "Puck was right. What fools these mortals be! Something for nothing will always lure us."

The veils did not move so much as be breadth of a hair.

"Fortune favors the brave, but rarely the foolish."

There was no response, but the small shoe of the woman nearest began to beat the floor ever so lightly. Hillard was chagrined. To be rebuffed the very first time he spoke to a woman in the Casino!

"Perhaps madame does not understand?" he said in French.

One of the women stirred restlessly; that was all.

He repeated the question in Italian, at the same time feeling like a pedant airing his accomplishments.

Nothing.

"I beg your pardon," he said, getting upon his feet. "I see that you do not wish to talk."

Thereupon he bowed, sought another seat and lighted a fresh cigaret. But not for a moment did his eye leave these two mysterious women. Their absolute silence confused him. Usually a woman gives some sign of disapproval when addressed by a stranger. These two sat as if they neither saw nor heard him. He shook the ash from his cigaret, and when he looked up again the women were hurrying across the floor to the lobby. He would have given them no further thought had not the Italian with the scar appeared upon the scene, eyed the retreating figures doubtfully, and then, started after them. That he did not know them Hillard was reasonably certain. He assumed that the Italian saw a possible flirtation. He rose quickly and followed. If these two women desired to be left alone, he might be of assistance.

The four departed from the Casino and crossed toward the Hotel de Paris, the women in the lead. As yet they had not observed that they were being followed. The car stops at this turn. As the women came to a stand, one of them saw the approaching men. Instantly she fled up the street, swift as a hare. The other hesitated for a second, then pursued her companion frantically. Whatever doubts the Italian might have entertained, this unexpected flight dissipated them. He knew now; he knew, he knew! With a sharp cry of exultation he broke into a run. So did Hillard. He was no longer bored. This promised to be interesting. People turned and stared, but none sought to intercept any of the runners. In Monte Carlo there are many strange scenes, and the knight-errant often finds that his bump of caution has suddenly developed. In other words, it is none of his affair. To look was one thing, to follow another, to precipitate one's head into the unknown was another. And there were no police about; they were on the Casino terraces, or strolling through the gardens, or patrolling the railway station.

Past the park the quartet ran, and took the first turn to the left for a block or more. Then came a stretch of darkness, between one electric lamp and another. And then, as if whisked away by magic, the foremost woman disappeared. The other halted, breathless and wondering. She started again, but a moment too late. The Italian caught her roughly by the arm and with a quick movement tore aside the veil.

"Kitty Killigrew!" Hillard cried.

He sprang forward, grasped the Italian by the shoulders and whirled him round in no gentle manner. The Italian struck out savagely and fearlessly, but Hillard seized his arm and held it firmly. There was a short tableau. Each man could hear the breathing of the other, quick and deep. The devil gleamed in the Italian's eyes, but there was a menace in Hillard's equally strong.

"You meddling figure of a dog!"

"Take care lest the dog bite, signore."

"Release my arm and stand aside!"

"Presently. Now, that way is yours," said Hillard, pointing in the direction of the way they had come.

"Are you certain?" The Italian regulated his breathing, forcing down the beat of his heart.

"So certain that if you do not obey me, I shall call the police and let you explain to them."

"I should like nothing better," replied the Italian, with a coolness which dumfounded Hillard.

"Do you know these ladies?"

"Do you?" insolently.

"My knowing them does not matter. But it is any gentleman's concern when a man gives pursuit to a lady who does not wish to meet him, even in Monte Carlo."

"A lady? Grace of Mary, that is droll!"

Hillard released the imprisoned arm, consciously chilled by the tone. There was a patent raillery, a quizzical insolence, which convinced Hillard that the Italian had not given chase out of an idle purpose. While this idea was forming in his mind, the Italian inspected his cuff, brushed his sleeve, and then recalled that he was bareheaded. He laughed shortly.

"We shall meet again," he said softly.

"I hope not," replied Hillard frankly, at the same time placing himself so as to block any sudden attempt to take up the chase. "However, you may find me at the Hotel de Londres."

The Italian laughed again. "You understand the language well," debatingly.

"And the people, too." Hillard had no desire to pass the time of day with his opponent.

"Well, I have said that we shall meet again, and it must be so."

"And your hat, as well as mine, is still in the Casino. The night is cold."

The Italian tugged impatiently at his mustache and permitted his glance to wander over Hillard critically. No, a struggle, much as he longed for it, would not be wise. He swung round on his heel and walked rapidly down the street, much to Hillard's relief. Presently the Italian took the corner, and Hillard turned to reassure Kitty.

But Kitty had vanished!

CHAPTER XV.

Many Napoleons.

Having yawned luxuriously, Merrihew sighed with perfect content. The pretty woman sitting opposite smiled at him tenderly, and he smiled back, abstractedly, as a man sometimes will when his mind tries to gather in comprehensively a thought and a picture which are totally different. Before him in neat little lustrous stacks stood seven thousand francs in gold, three hundred and fifty effigies of Napoleon the Little. And this was the thought which divided the smile with the picture. Seven thousand francs, fourteen hundred dollars, more than half the sum of his letter of credit! And all this prodigious fortune for a little gold put here, and a little gold put there, wisely, scientifically; for he would have strenuously denied that it was due to bald, blind luck. If only the boys at the club could see him now! He wet his lips suggestively, but the lust for gold was stronger than the call of tobacco. Tobacco could wait; fortune might not. Still, he took out a cigar, bit off the end, and put it back in his pocket. And where the deuce had Hillard gone? Twenty minutes to 11, and no sign of him since the play began.

He counted off 10 coins and placed them on the second dozen. The ball rolled into number 23. He leaned back again with a second sigh, and the pretty woman smiled a second smile, and the wooden rake pushed the beautiful gold over to him. He was playing a system, one bet in every three turns of the wheel, in stakes of forty and eighty dollars. To be sure he lost now and then, but the next play he doubled and retrieved. Oh the American Comic Opera company should be well taken care of. He could play the good Samaritan after the manner of a prince, if, indeed princes ever elected to play that role. Two more bets and then he would pocket his winnings and go. He laid 40 francs on number 26 and 400 on black, leaned upon his elbows and studied the pretty woman, who smiled. If she spoke English. . . . He scribbled the question on a scrap of paper and pushed it across the table, blushing a little as he did so. She read it, or at least she tried to read it, and shook her head with the air of one deeply puzzled. He sighed again, reflecting that there might have been a pleasant adventure had he only understood French. Hang the legend of the Tower of Bable! it was always confronting him in this part of the world.

Twenty-six, black and even!

Merrihew slid back his chair and rose. He swept up the gold by the handful and poured it into his pockets, casually and unconcernedly, as if this was an every-day affair and of minor importance. But as a matter of fact, his heart was beating fast and there was a wild desire in his throat to yell with delight. Eighteen hundred dollars, 9,000 francs! A merry music they made in his pockets. Jingle, jingle, jingle! Not only the good Samaritan, but the accursed thousand, that baneful thousand, that Nemesis of every New-Year, might now be overtaken and annihilated. O happy thought! His pockets sagged, he could walk but stiffly, and, in weight he seemed to have gained a ton. And then he saw Hillard coming across the hall. Instantly he forced the joy from his face and eyes and dropped his chin in his collar. He became in that moment the picture of desolation.

"Is it all over?" asked Hillard gravely.

"All over!" monotonously.

"Come over to the cafe, then. I've something important to tell you."

"Found them?" with rousing interest.

"I shall tell you only when we get out of this place. Come."

Merrihew followed them into the cloak-room; and as they came out into the night, Hillard put out a friendly hand.

"I am sorry, boy; I wanted you to win something. Cheer up; we'll shake the dust of this place in the morning."

Merrihew took off his hat and tossed it into the air hilariously. As it came down he tried to catch it on the toe of his pump, but active as he was he missed, and it rolled along the pavement. He recovered it quickly.

"Oh, for a vacant lot and a good old whooper-up! Feel!" he said, touching his side pockets. Hillard felt. "Feel again!" commanded Merrihew, touching his trousers pockets. Hillard, with increasing wonder, felt again.

"What is it?" he asked.

"What is it? It is 450 napoleons!"

"What?" sharply, even doubtfully.

"That's what! Eighteen hundred dollars, more than 360 pounds, nearly a million centesimi, and Heaven only knows what it would be in Portuguese. My system will have no funeral tonight. Pretty fair returns for two hours' work, by George! Now, came on."

He caught Hillard by the sleeve and fairly ran him over to the cafe. Here he pushed him into a chair and ordered the finest vintage he could find on the card. Then he offered one of the fatal cigars and lighted one for himself.

"Nearly two thousand!" murmured Hillard. "Well, of all the luck!"

"It does seem too good to be true. And what's more, I'm going to hang on to it. No more for me; I'm through. For the first time in my life I've won something, and I am going to keep it. . . . I say what's the matter with your cravat?"

Hillard looked down at the fluttering end and knotted it carelessly.

"I saw Kitty tonight," he said.

To Merrihew it seemed that all the clatter about him had died away suddenly. He lowered his cigar and breathed deeply. "Where is she?" He rose.

"Sit down. I don't know where she is. I'll explain what has happened. And this is it."

Merrihew listened eagerly, twisting his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. Once he made a gesture; it was reproachful.

"And why did you bother about him? Why didn't you hold on to Kitty?"

"I confess it was stupid of me. But the gentleman with the scar was an unknown quantity. Besides, why should Kitty, in an episode like this, run away from me, of all persons? That's what is troubling me. And why, when I spoke to them in the Casino, did they ignore me completely?"

"It's your confunded prima donna; she's at the bottom of all this, take my word for it. Something's desperately wrong. Persons do not wear masks and hide in this manner just for a lark. And we have lost them again! Why didn't you knock him down?" hotly.

"I wanted to, but it wasn't the psychological moment. He recovered himself too quickly. You can't knock a man down when he practically surrenders."

"You're too particular. But what's the matter with Kitty? I don't understand. To see you was to know that I was round somewhere. She ran away from me as well as from you. What shall we do?"

"Start the hunt again, or give it up entirely. There are some villages between here and Nice. It must be in that direction; they were about to board the car for Nice. If you hadn't been gambling, if you had been sensible and stayed with me—"

"Come now, that won't wash. You know very well that you urged me to play."

"You would have played without any urging."

(To Be Continued.)

SUPERSTITION IN ACADIA

Bonston Transcript.

THE simple Acadian French farmers of New Zealand, a small settlement about five miles from Souris, at the extreme eastern end of Prince Edward Island, have been thrown into a state of intense nervous excitement by a series of weird and supernatural phenomena surrounding a young woman named Chinene. The ignorant French farmers believe the girl possessed of a devil, and Rev. Father Walker, of Rollo Bay, the parish priest, has been importuned to perform the ceremony of exorcism, once resorted to by the Catholic church for the purpose of curing one possessed of devils. To others more versed in occult demonstrations, the unfortunate girl presents a study rivaling in interest the case of Mme. Palladino.

The Chinene girl is about 20 years of age. Since the death of her parents a few years ago, she has been keeping house for her brothers, small farmers of New Zealand. Several months ago the eldest brother informed his sister that he intended to marry a young woman in the neighborhood. Miss Chinene, on hearing the announcement, burst into a fit of rage and declared that she "would as soon have a devil in the family as that girl."

That very night, after the members of the family had retired, the household was aroused by loud and unexplainable noises, which seemed to come from all parts of the house. Then the voice of the girl, shrieking in agony, was heard from her room. The brother, fearing his sister was being murdered, rushed to the girl's room, followed by other members of the family. When they opened the door, they declare, they saw the young woman floating in the air several feet above her bed. She was talking incoherently and in a language much different from that used by her in ordinary conversation. The girl finally sank back on her bed and fell into a natural sleep. When she awoke the next morning she knew nothing of the occurrence, and her brothers were almost convinced that they themselves were suffering from delusions. But night after night the same performance was repeated.

News of the happenings soon leaked out among the French farmers, and these people came to believe that the girl, by her sacrilegious remark concerning her prospective sister-in-law, has given herself over to the evil one.

Despite the natural reluctance and fear on the part of the neighbors, curiosity soon got the better of them and nearly every person in the settlement visited the Chinene home to see the girl. The peculiar phenomena continued and most of the people in New Zealand can bear witness to the strange occurrences, for which they can offer no explanation.

The girl developed clairvoyant powers while in what seemed like a hypnotic trance, and those powers added to the bewilderment of those who came to see her. She told her visitors how much money they had with them and she was also able to repeat the addresses and contents of letters in their pockets.

The unexplainable noises which attended her first demonstrations of occult powers accompanied her hypnotic trances. The noises are described as beginning with a rumbling sound like distant thunder, increasing steadily in intensity and volume and finally resembling the muffled blow of padded boxing gloves, then gradually dying away again. These demonstrations did not take place every night but at repeated intervals, sometimes several nights in succession.

Several French farmers are willing to swear to having seen the devil himself in the vicinity, but these visions are laid to over-heated imaginations and the contraband stimulants obtainable in "dry" territory.

Regarding this strange case, credence must be given to the testimony of many responsible people, including a number of reputable physicians, who have been consulted in regard to the young woman's condition. The local doctors were called in to treat the girl but could do nothing. Next the parish priest's assistance was sought, but earnest prayers seemed to be unavailing. Meanwhile the excitement in the neighborhood became so intense that Father Walker issued a notice to his parishioners forbidding any further visits to the home of the young woman.

To the devil in possession of the girl the neighbors have ascribed a number of disasters which have occurred recently without any apparent cause. The principal events of this nature were three fires which destroyed neighboring barns, one of them owned by the girl's uncle, and in which a great quantity of live stock perished.

Goaded on by the loss of property for which their sister was blamed by the neighbors the Chinene brothers took more active steps in search of a cure and several physicians were summoned from Charlottetown for consultation. Among them was Dr. Peter Conroy, one of the best known practitioners in the province and the chief of staff at the Charlottetown hospital. Dr. Conroy declares that in the Chinene girl's case nothing has happened which cannot be explained by science. His personal theory is that the young woman is an auto-hypnotist with "obsessive influences." To put it more simply, a fixed idea produces a hypnotic condition automatically, leaving the mind under no control. He also advances the theory that by involuntary hypnotism, Miss Chinene creates delusions in the minds of those about her. Insanity arising from jealousy of her prospective sister-in-law, which preyed on her mind, is also put forward by the physician as a possible explanation.

A Deadly Cargo

Correspondence Boston Transcript.

THE PUBLIC will probably not have forgotten a number of mysterious deaths which occurred a few years back on passenger and cargo ships, and were in most cases put down to ptomaine poisoning or were left unexplained. It was, indeed, not until some time after that the escape of poisonous gases from a cargo of ferro-silicon, produced on the continent and much used in England in the manufacture of steel, was found to be the cause.

The British local government board have now issued a report—the result of investigations by various experts—which shows very graphically the great danger attending the transport of this material. This cannot be better realized than by an account of the voyage of the Olaf-Wyjk, from Gothenburg to Antwerp, which is typical of many that occurred on English waters and on English canals.

The steamer, says the report, encountered a gale which rendered it impossible for the six passengers to remain on deck. In their cabins they were shortly attacked with nausea, vomiting and intense abdominal pains, followed by loss of consciousness. Towards evening the captain, whose cabin was near those of the passengers, was so unwell that he gave up command of the ship to the mate, but fortunately remained on deck. Two of the passengers also left their cabins, to get away from the mysterious smell, and only they survived: The four others were found dead in their cabins the next morning.

Here is the scientific explanation. It reads like a nightmare:

Stowed in the hold of the vessel immediately under the cabins occupied by the passengers was a consignment of 15 tons of ferro-silicon, packed in wooden casks. The effect of the gradually increasing roughness of the sea was the evolution of poisonous gases from this cargo. When shaken and exposed to damp the material disintegrates and produces gases. The violent shaking of the cargo caused by the roughness of the sea, aided by the dampness of the air of the hold, supplied the needful conditions. On the first day of the voyage the sea was calm, so that the cabin windows were left open. No one was inconvenienced. In the evening the sea became rough. In consequence more gas was evolved, and although the portholes were still left open, all the passengers suffered more or less.

The gale of the next day caused the generation of enough gas to kill the four who remained below. It is estimated that 2,415 litres of phosphoretted hydrogen and 108 litres of arseniuretted hydrogen were produced. The continued breathing of an atmosphere containing either of these gases to the extent of 0.025 per cent is sufficient to cause death.

Many similar cases are given in the report. In that of the Ashton five passengers died in the course of a voyage of 24 hours only, between Antwerp and Grimsby.

The report states that ferro-silicon, especially of grades containing from 30 per cent to 70 per cent, is invariably found to evolve poisonous gases, but there is no evidence to show that low-grade ferro-silicon (10 to 15 per cent) is anything but harmless.

In view of the fact that the use of ferro-silicon of grades ranging between 30 per cent and 70 per cent apparently is not essential in the manufacture of steel, it is advisable that the production of these grades should be discontinued. The proprietors of iron and steel works will assist in the protection of their workpeople, and at the same time act for the public benefit, by restricting their orders to grades either not exceeding 30 per cent or of 70 per cent and upwards, according to the special nature of their requirements.

The report also strongly recommends, pending international agreement on the question, that the transportation of the present forms of ferro-silicon on vessels carrying pasengers should be prohibited. When carried on cargo boats it should be stored on deck. It it be considered necessary to store it elsewhere, the place of storage should be adequately ventilated and cut off by airtight bulkheads from the quarters occupied by the crew.

Already all the chief shipping firms decline to carry ferro-silicon, and English manufacturers are suffering considerable inconvenience. The limited quantity that still comes into the country is carried by small shipowners who are willing to take the risk. In many cases it is labeled "scrap iron," to disarm suspicion.

TAVERNAY

A Tale of The Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XXI.

False Pretenses.

But only for the merest breath did she permit her soul to stand unveiled before me. Then she drew her hand away and fenced herself again with that invulnerable armor.

"Come, my friend," she said, and her voice sounded a trifle unsteady in my ears, "we must be going on—we have a long journey still before us."

I arose like a drunken man. I dared not believe what that glimpse of glory had revealed to me; it seemed too wonderful, too stupendous to be true. I had looked into her soul and seen love there—but was it really there? Or was it merely the reflection of what my own soul disclosed?

I glanced down at her, but she was staring straight before her as she walked steadily forward, with a face so cold and impassive that the doubt grew, enwrapped me, darkened to conviction. It was folly to suppose that her eyes had really revealed their secret; it was absurd to believe that any such secret lay behind them. . . . Why was I that I should hope to awaken love in the breast of such a woman as this? Pity, perhaps—sympathy, friendship, kindness—anything but the deep, splendid passion I hungered for. She had been moved for the moment; but plainly she already regretted her emotion. Well, I certainly would never remind her of it. My business was to place her safely in the hands of friends. Then I must be away to work out my own destiny.

So we went on through the night, taking at every fork of the road the way which led nearest the west, for in the west lay safety. But I knew we had 10 leagues more to cover ere we should reach the Bocage, and the nearer we approached our destination, the more closely would danger encompass us. From south and east, troops were being massed to crush out, by sheer weight of numbers, the flame of insurrection which had arisen so suddenly in the very heart of France. From every town within 50 leagues the national guard had been summoned; from Paris itself levies were hastening—levies of Septembrists, cut-throats, assassins, asking nothing better than permission to murder and pillage, and commanded by a general determined not to fight but to destroy, not to defeat but to exterminate—in a word, not to rest until all Vendee had been made a wilderness, a barren waste. This line of enemies, marching forward in this temper, we were forced to pierce in order to reach our friends.

The moon rose high in the heavens, paused at the zenith, then started on its course down the western sky. I thanked the fortune which gave us her friendly light to guide us, for the road grew more wild and rough. In one place, indeed, it was merely the bed of a torrent, little different from that over which we had already toiled so painfully. So we left it, and breaking our way through the hedge which bordered the road, followed along beside it.

Even I was beginning to feel fatigued and I could guess at my companion's weariness, yet she refused to listen to my suggestion that we stop and rest. But dawn was not far distant, and we must find some safe hiding-place for the day. There were no houses in sight, nor had we seen any for some time; but where there was a road, however bad, there must also be people to travel it, and to seek rest, to resign oneself to sleep, save in a safe, covert, would be the height of folly.

The country had grown open and level, with only an occasional tree here and there and was evidently used for pasturage, though I saw no sheep nor cattle; but at last along a ridge at our right I caught sight of a thicket, and toward this we made our way. We found it a dense growth of small saplings and underbrush, and broke our way into it with difficulty, but the event repaid the labor, for at last we came into a little glade not over a rod across and carpeted with grass.

"Here is our resting place," I said, "and our home for another day."

My companion sank down with a sigh of utter fatigue.

"I am very tired," she murmured, and stooping over drew off the shoes which I had slipped over her own.

"You are to sleep until you are quite rested," I added. "We will remain here until evening. Then, after darkness falls and before the moon is up, we shall try to pierce the lines of the Republicans, which cannot be far away. For that you must be fresh, for we may need to be fleet."

"But you?" she broke in quickly. "You are going to sleep, too?"

"Undoubtedly," I answered. "Only first I wish to assure myself that there is no house too near us. Good night, mademoiselle."

"Good night, my friend," she said, looking up at me with a little tremulous smile so full of sorrow and weariness that my eyes grew wet.

I stood a moment gazing down at her, longing to gather her in my arms, as one would a child, and caress and comfort her and hold her so until she fell asleep. But I managed to crush the longing back and turn away to the task which I had set myself.

The thicket crowned a low ridge which stretched between two gentle valleys. That we had left was, as I have said, innocent of human habitation. In the one to the north I fancied I could discern a group of houses, but they were so far away that we need apprehend no danger from them. To the westward along the ridge the thicket stretched as far as I could see.

Assured that our hiding place was as safe as could be wished for, I made my way back to it, and walked softly to the dark figure on the grass. She was lying on her side, her head pillowed on her arm, and as I bent above her to make sure that she was protected from the chill of the night, I knew by her regular breathing that she slept. That sleep, so peaceful and trusting, consecrated the little glade, hallowed it, transformed it into such a temple that I dared lay me down only upon its margin, as though it were a holy place.

Long I lay, staring up at the heavens, wondering if I might indeed hope to win this superb creature; weaving a golden future, which we trod arm in arm. To possess her, to have her always at my side, the mother of my children—the thought shook me with a delicious trembling. But at last cold reason snatched me down from this empyrean height. I told myself I was a fool, and so turned on my side, closed my eyes resolutely, and in the end sank to sleep.

I awoke with the full sun staring me in the face and sat up with a start to find my little companion smiling at me across the little amphitheatre.

"Good morning, monsieur," she said.

"Good morning," I responded, and rose and went toward her.

In some magical way, she had removed the stains of travel; to my eyes she seemed to have stepped but this moment from her bath. A sudden loathing of my own foul and hideous clothing came over me. How, in that guise, could she regard me with anything but disgust?

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I am ashamed to stand here before you in this clear light, for you are sweet and fresh as the morning, while I—"

"Choose the harder part," she interrupted, "in order to serve me better. I can understand what you are suffering and I thank you for it."

"But to be hideous—"

"Oh, I do not look at the clothes," she said; "and as for the face—"

"Well," I prompted, "as for the face—"

She stole a glance at me.

"As for the face," she continued, "you will remember that I bathed it last night, monsieur, while I was attempting to revive you, and so it is nearly as attractive as nature made it."

"A poor consolation!" I retorted.

"Well," she said, looking at it critically, "I confess I have seen handsomer ones."

"Yes?" I encouraged, as she hesitated.

"But never one I liked better," she added, a heavenly shyness in her eyes.

"Mademoiselle," I said, suddenly taking my courage in my hands, "last night, while I was unconscious, I dreamed such a beautiful dream. I wonder if it was true?"

She glanced again at me hastily and her cheeks were very red.

"Dreams are never true," she said, decidedly. "They go by contraries. You will have to bedaub your face a little before you venture forth again."

"But the dream," I insisted, refusing to be diverted. "Shall I tell you what it was?"

"I have never been interested in dreams," she responded, calmly, and brushed from her skirt an imperceptible speck of dust.

"But perhaps this one—"

"Not even this one, I am sure. How long are we to remain here, M. de Tavernay?"

I surrendered in despair before the coldness of her glance.

"You are to remain till evening." I replied. "But I must go at once. My first task will be to get some food. Hunger is an enemy which always returns to the attack, no matter how often it is overcome."

"And so is a foe to be respected and appeased, rather than despised," she added, smiling. "I came across some such observation in a book I was reading not long ago. It had a most amusing old man in it called the Partridge,* who was always hungry."

"I can sympathize with him." I said. "My own stomach feels particularly empty at this moment—I must find something to fill it—and yours, too."

"But I fear for you," she protested. "I wish you would not go. I am sure we can get through the day without starving. I should prefer to try, rather than that you should again run such risks as you did last night."

"Those risks were purely the result of my own folly," I pointed out. "I shall not be such a fool a second time. There is a village down yonder and I shall breakfast at the inn like any other traveler. It was my haste last night which aroused suspicion. Besides," I added, "I doubt if anyone could follow even me by daylight without my perceiving it. You may have to wait an hour—"

"It will not be hunger which distresses me," she interrupted earnestly, "but fear for your safety. Let us do without the food."

"It is true we shouldn't starve," I admitted; "but for tonight we must be strong, ready for anything. A fest is bad preparation for the kind of work we have before us. Besides, I must find where we are

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seemed to me a second Paris."

"Yet you come to it!"

"I pass through it because it happens to be in my way; I stop for breakfast—I would wish to stop longer," I added, with an expressive glance, "but the Nation needs me."

"Needs you?"

"As she needs every man she can get to stamp out those cursed rebels in Vendee."

"Oh, so it is there you go!" she said, her face clearing. "Yes—you are right. My father went yesterday to join the Blues; our guard marched last night. There is scarcely a man left in the village."

"And now perhaps you will tell me its name," I suggested.

"It is called Dairon."

"And where is the nearest Republican force?"

"There is a small one at Airvault and another at Moncontour, but if it is fighting you are looking for, citizen, you will press on to Thouars."

"How far is Thouars?"

"Four leagues, and this road will lead you there."

"Then it is this road I will take. So there is to be fighting at Thouars?"

"Our officers dined here last night," she explained, "and I heard them talking. It seems that the brigands are gathering at Coulanges and expect to take Thouars. Bah! The Blues will fall upon them, surround them, exterminate them. But do you know waht it is that they are planknow what it is that they are planplanning to hold a place where that ogre of a Pitt may land troops upon the sacred soil of France!"

Her eyes were blazing. I sprang to my feet.

"Then I must be off!" I cried. "I can't afford to miss that fun. But first citizen, can you put me up a lunch for the road—a big one, for I have the devil of an appetite. Ransack your larder—I can pay for it," and I laid a golden louis on the table. "In the vicinity of an army there is never anything to eat. I shall no doubt meet plenty of poor fellows with nothing in their bellies. And two or three bottles of wine would not be amiss."

"Just so," she nodded, and flew to the kitchen, where I heard her and another woman talking vigorously together to the accompaniment of a clatter of knives and dishes.

I walked to the door and looked down the village street. It was still deserted, save for the women and children. Evidently the men had all been caught in the dragnet of the Blues, or had hurried into hiding for fear they would be drafted to the front. How these poor creatures left to their own resources, managed to exist, I could not imagine.

"Well citizen," asked a voice, "how is this?"

I turned to find the maid smiling up at me and in her hand a hamper filled to the brim and covered with a cloth, through which the necks of three bottles protruded.

"Excellent!" I cried, as I took it. "That will make me welcome, at any rate. A thousand thanks, my dear."

"There is one more thing I can do," she said. "Your disguise is a poor one," citizen."

"Disguise!" I echoed, my heart in my throat.

"Because the face does not match the clothes," she went on, imperturbably. "Any fool could see that these rags do not belong to you. Sit here a moment."

I sat down obediently, not daring to disobey. Whereupon she produced a greasy rag and rubbed it over my face, retiring a step or two from time to time to admire the effect and then returning to add another touch, much in the manner of an artist engaged upon a masterpiece. At last she was satisfied.

"There," she said, "I defy any one to detect you now. And remember, as long as you wear those rags you are not to wash face or hands. Your business is none of mine, but you are too pretty a fellow to be permitted to run your head into a noose."

"Thank you, my dear," I said again, and rose and took up my hamper.

She came to me and stood on tiptoe.

"A salute for the Nation, citizen," she said, and kissed me on either cheek. "If you return this way, you are to stop here and inquire for Ninette. She will be glad to see you. Adieu—and may the good God have you in His keeping."

I turned westward along the street, unheeding the curious glances cast at me, with a conscience not wholly at peace. I had secured these generous provisions under false pretenses. I had not merited those pure kisses.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Poniard Again.

Not until a turn of the road hid me from the village and I was satisfied that I was unobserved, did I turn aside, and again sheltering myself behind a friendly hedge, gain the thicket which stretched along the ridge. Then, plunging into its cover, I hastened back with what speed I could toward the spot where I had left my comrade, uneasily conscious that I had lingered at the inn longer than I had thought to do, for the sun told me that noon had come and gone.

So it was with an anxiety which increased at every step that I broke my way through the underbrush, unheeding the briers which clutched at my clothes and stung hands and face—an anxiety which leaped to mortal anguish as I came out suddenly into the little amphitheatre where I had left her and saw at a glance that it was empty.

I set down the hamper with a groan of agony and wiped the cold sweat from my forehead. Fool, idiot that I was to leave her unguarded for so long a time! Some one had blundered into our retreat, had discovered her, had taken her prisoner. What could I do? Where should I look for her? This thicket doubtless harbored many scoundrels seeking to evade the draft. It was they who had captured her, and I trembled at the thought. Perhaps even at this moment—

"Good day, M. de Tavernay," called a gay voice, and I turned my head mechanically, to see her emerging from the thicket, her face alight. "So you have returned!"

"Thank God!" I cried. "Thank God! You are safe, then!"

"Safe?" she repeated, eyeing me a little curiously. "But certainly. What did you imagine?"

"I feared you had been captured," I answered hoarsely. "Carried away! No matter, since you are safe."

"I heard some one approaching," she explained, still eyeing me, "and decided I would better conceal myself until I was certain it was you. That was wise, wasn't it?"

"Wise? Oh, yes! But I thought I had lost you! I had stayed away so long."

"And in truth," she went on, laughing again, "I am not yet quite certain that it is really you. What a villainous countenance!"

"Yes," I said flushing. "The—the maid at the inn fixed it for me."

"So!" she cried. "It was a maid that kept you—and pretty. I'll be bound! To think that I have been worrying about you!"

"You must be nearly starved," I said anxious to change the subject.

"I confess a lively pleasure at the sight of that hamper. May I explore it?"

"At once," I urged, and sat down a little weakly, for I was not yet wholly recovered from the swift reaction from that agony of fear.

She spread upon the grass the cloth with which the hamper was covered and uttered little cries of delight as she drew forth its contents and arranged them before her.

"Why, you are a wizard, M. de Tavernay!" she cried, when the hamper was empty. "Here is a feast fit for a king. That maid must have fallen desperately in love with you! A real passion! Poor thing!"

"I posed as a Republican," I explained. "She is a good patriot and anxious to serve the Nation."

"Especially when it is personified by a handsome and gallant fellow," she amended. "No matter; I am not jealous. Indeed, I have no right to be. But I wonder what the betrothed would say? Rest easy; she shall never know, I promise you that. And now, if you will draw the corks, we are ready to begin."

"I am glad to see you in such spirits," I remarked with irony, as I got out my knife.

"It is so much pleasanter than being dull and gloomy, is it not?" she agreed.

"You remind me of a red Indian," I continued, as I drew the corks, "dancing around his captive and burying a barb in his flesh from time to time, just to see his anguish."

"Well," she retorted, "I am going to treat you as no red Indian ever treated a captive. Sit down and share the feast."

"But I have already eaten," I protested. Nevertheless I sat down in the place she indicated.

"Hours ago!"

"Besides, my fright when I found you gone killed any return of appetite."

"Were you really frightened?"

"Horribly!"

"I know what you need—a draught of wine—"

"If you will drink first," I agreed. She raised the bottle to her lips, then handed it to me.

"You were right," I said, as I put it down. "That was really what I needed. My heart is bounding again, though perhaps not wholly from the wine."

She smiled as she looked at me.

"Whatever the cause, I am glad to see you more like yourself. And now you will eat—I detest eating alone."

"I will try," I said, but I confess I found eating a difficult task with that vision just across from me.

"Did you learn where we are?" she asked at last.

"The village is called Dairon. We are about four leagues from Thouars, where the Blues are in force. We must get past them somehow to Coulanges, a league beyond, where we shall find friends."

"And we must wait until tonight to go forward?"

"Till twilight, at least."

"We should get to Coulanges tonight, then?"

"Yes," I answered with a sinking heart at the thought that my dream was to end so soon. "If all goes well, we should reach Coulanges by midnight."

"You actually say that in a tone of despondency!"

"And do you see in it nothing to regret, mademoiselle?"

"To regret? Assuredly not! Shall you regret being in safety again?"

"Danger is not the worst thing that can come to a man," I said, "more especially—"

"Well?" she questioned tantalizingly, as I hesitated.

I leaned across the cloth and caught her hands and held them prisoners.

"More especially when it is shared by the woman he loves," I concluded, throwing discretion to the winds. "Ah, then he forgets the danger, mademoiselle; he remembers only that she is beside him, that he may look into her eyes as I look into yours, that he may kiss her hands as I kiss these dear ones. And when he knows that to restore her to her friends is to sever himself from her, he may well despond as he sees the hour approach."

She sat looking at me, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her lips parted, her eyes a little misty. And she made no effort to take her hands away. Ah, what a woman she was! The beauty of her, the whiteness, the delicacy, the sheer grace; and with it all, a woman's passionate heart, a woman's power of loving and desire of being loved. It was there, I knew, just below the surface, waiting to be awakened.

"You really love me!" she murmured. "You really love me!"

"Oh, my dearest;" I cried. "Can you doubt it? Looking into my eyes, can you doubt it? And last night, looking into yours, I fancied that you swept aside the veil for a moment and that I saw into your heart, your soul, and read a secret there which made me madly, blindly happy! Did I read aright?"

"Not to value your devotion would be indeed ungrateful, monsieur," she answered in a whisper.

"It is not gratitude that I ask," I broke in. "It was not gratitude that I saw! Did I read aright?"

"Suppose I say yes," she said, "what is it you propose?"

"I propose to take you and keep you," I answered madly, drawing her toward, me, my blood on fire. "You do love me—come, confess it! Look into my eyes and tell me! I defy the whole world to take you from me now!"

She swayed toward me for an instant, her lips parted, her eyes swimming in a veil of tears. I had won! I had won! Then she drew her hands away and sat erect, a convulsive shiver running through her.

"And your honor?" she asked, her face suddenly white. "What of it? The word you have given? What of it? The vow you have taken—what of it? And if I did love you, do you not see that it is the man of honor that I love? Do you think I could keep on loving a dishonored man—even though that dishonor were incurred for me? Do you think I could find any place in my heart for a man unfaithful to such a vow as you have taken? No, no—you cannot believe that—you cannot so mistake me! I have built a temple for you in my heart—do not tell me that you are unworthy to dwell there!"

I was struck dumb before her. I could find no word of answer. She was right—a hundred times right. And by the trembling which shook her I saw that it was not I alone who suffered. Oh, I had been selfish to pull her down, to entangle her in this net from which there was no escaping! At least I should have been brave enough to spare her that!

"Forgive me!" I groaned. "Forgive me!" and I flung myself forward at her feet.

But her arms were about me, and she raised me up and kissed me on the forehead, and her eyes were shining and her face was very pale.

"Be brave!" she whispered, brokenly. "Be brave, my friend! The future will be brighter than you think. Oh, you are worthy to occupy that temple! Oh, I must—"

A sudden rattle of arms and tramp of feet rose to us from the valley.

"What is that?" she asked, with bated breath.

I sprang to my feet, went cautiously to the edge of the thicket, and looked down. A regiment was marching westward along the road by which we had come—a regiment, dusty and travel-stained, with tri-colored cockades in their hats and tri-colored scarfs about their necks. I watched them until their disappeared around a turn of the road. Then I rejoined my comrade.

"It was a regiment of Blues," I said. "That is bad. I had hoped to take that road. Now we must take the other; but we must keep to the cover of this thicket until we are past the village. We would better be starting now while there is light; then at dusk we can descend to the road and hasten on to Coulanges."

She was replacing the food in the hamper before I had finished.

"We may need it," she said. "You shall not risk yourself again."

She was entirely self-controlled and turned to me the old, clear, friendly gaze; the emotion which had shaken her a momen before had been conquered and swept aside. What was it she had been about to say? Should I ever know? Should I ever again get past the barrier of her reserve? I thought it most unlikely, and a deep dejection descended upon my spirits. Never again would the moment be so favorable, and, beneath my breath, I cursed the chance that had broken in upon our tete-a-tete.

I watched her as she slipped my shoes over her own again and fastened them. Then I took up the hamper and started. At the edge of the little glade she paused and threw a kiss back to it.

"God-by," she called. "Good-by. You also have kept us safely. I shall always remember!"

I dared not look back. I felt that I was forever leaving a spot more dear and sacred than home itself. So I strode blindly on, hurling myself savagely at the underbrush until the very fury of my exertions served to exhaust the fire which raged within.

"Am I going too fast?" I asked, pausing and turning to her, for her footsteps told me that she was close at my heels.

"No," she said, "but you must be tiring yourself terribly, and to little useful purpose. I do not require a path so wide as the one you have been making."

"It was the brute fighting itself out," I explained; "exhausting itself by bruising and trampling down those poor saplings."

"And is it quite exhausted?"

"I trust so. Do you never have an impulse to destroy things—to rend them apart and shatter them to bits?"

"Sometimes," she admitted, laughing. "It's like a thunder storm, isn't it—all fire and fury while it lasts, but leaving one cleansed and purified. Oh, I am far from perfect," she added, laughing again as she caught my glance, "as you would have seen for yourself long ere this had you been of an observing turn. Is this as far as we go through this thicket?"

"No," I answered, checking the words which rose to my lips, and I set off again, nor paused until the village had sunk from sight behind us. "Now, we can rest," I said, and sat down at the edge of the bushes.

She sat beside me and leaned her chin on her hand as she gazed down into the valley. The sun was sinking to the west and the road seemed the merest yellow ribbon between its green hedges. Far ahead I could see that the country again became more broken and a low range of purple hills closed in the horizon.

As we sat there silent, a cloud of dust appeared far down the road, and we moved deeper into the cover of the bushes, fearing that it was another regiment which approached. But it was only a flock of sheep driven by three shepherds.

"Food for the enemy," I remarked. "That explains why there are no longer any flocks in these pastures. The republic has swallowed them, as it has swallowed so many other things."

We watched them until they passed from sight on the horizon behind a cloud of dust, which rose and rose until it covered the sun's face.

"Yonder, behind that cloud, lies Thouars," I said.

"And a league beyond is Coulanges—and our friends," she added.

"Always thinking of that!" I rejoined bitterly.

"Yes—of safety and home! How I shall delight to be there once again!"

"Home! And I do not even know where that is! Why is it, mademoiselle, that you have told me nothing of yourself? Do you mistrust me?"

"Mistrust you?" she repeated. "What an absurd question! But there is so little to tell."

"And you refuse to tell me even that? I know nothing of you except your name. How am I to find you again, if fate is indeed kind to me? Where am I to look for you?"

"A perfect lover would have trusted his heart to lead him," she retorted. "But since you do not, you may as well know that the Chauteau de Chambray is two leagues south of Poitiers."

"Then," I said, "I shall not have far to go if—if— I pray heaven it may be my fortune to seek you there."

I could see by her sparkling eyes that the spirit of mischief had sprung to life again.

"We shall be very glad to welcome you, my farter and I" she said, without permitting me to finish. "Perhaps we can even persuade you to bring your betrothed with you. Why not spend your honeymoon at Chambray, monsieur?"

"I should like to spend it there," I retorted, "but with another woman."

It was her turn to redden, and she did so in good earnest.

"Do you think fortune will favor me that far, mademoiselle?" I persisted.

Then she armed herself and struck me a savage blow.

"No," she answered quickly; "I think fortune will hold you to your promise and that you will soon forget to rail at her. Your heart is exceedingly inflammable and burn none the less ardently whether it be I or your betrothed who applies the spark."

"If that is your opinion, mademoiselle," I returned bitterly, "there is nothing more to be said."

"And I am quite certain," she added, smiling strangely, "that you will one day accept that invitation. My father will insist upon it."

"Let him!" I retorted. "Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Nor I. This hamper, then, we will leave here, as we shall reach Coulanges tonight. It is time we were setting off."

She arose without o word and followed me down the slope. Only when at last I glanced back, did I perceive that she was bearing the hamper.

"Why are you bringing that?" I demanded, wheeling sharp around.

"Food is not plentiful enough in France to be wasted in that way," she answered evenly.

"What do you propose to do with it?"

"I propose to leave it at the door of the first hut we reach," and she made a motion as though to pass me.

I seized the hamper roughly and strode on through the dusk, marveling at the inconsistencies of a heart which could be at the same time so cruel and so tender.

(To Be Continued.)

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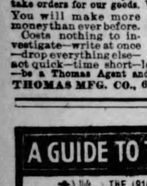

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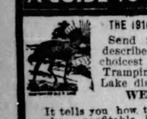

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TO PREPARE SUBSOIL AND CULTIVATE ORCHARD

By Professor O. M. Morris.

Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station.

The orchard and fruit plantation should be located on sloping land. The soil will be drained of surplus water and will not bake and become as dry and hard in time of drought. The north and east slopes are the best. They are much cooler in summer and are not subject to as great variations of temperature in winter. The effect of the afternoon sun is somewhat weakened by the slope and the early blooming trees are not forced into bloom so early and more frequently escape the late frosts.

The protection from the wind is perhaps the greatest benefit derived from such slopes. The warm, dry winds of July and August do not strike the orchard with their full force and thus a great amount of moisture is saved for the use of the trees and fruit. This protection from the wind is also of great value to young trees while they are forming their root system and becoming well established.

THE DAIRY COW HELPS THE ORCHARDIST.

One of the greatest mistakes made by an inexperienced orchardist is putting manure in the hole in which young fruit trees are set. Manure should be placed on the surface thinly surrounding the newly set trees. The roots then spread out to gather the food and the tree is insured against being blown over.

The southern slopes are warmer and earlier in the spring and for some purposes are to be preferred, but usually the fruit matures early enough and with apples in particular the latest varieties mature almost too early for winter use.

A sandy loam soil with clay subsoil is best adapted to the use of all kinds or fruits. The trees set on heavy clay soil will produce a heavy growth of foliage and wood, but will be slow to come into bearing, and the fruit will not be as bright in color as that grown on sandy soil and will usually make a poor growth and begin bearing young. These trees will be short-lived and weak. The poor, thin, gray and black soils are poorly adapted to trees. The trees set on such land are almost sure to make a very poor growth and be shy bearers. Good upland is the best for orchard land. The bottom land will grow better and stronger trees, but they will seldom be as productive. This is especially true of the peach, plum and apricot the late frosts are more liable to destroy the crop while the trees are in blossom on low land. The low land also maintains better conditions for the plant diseases that are sure to infest the orchards sooner or later. If bottom land was formerly in timber it should be carefully examined for evidences of root rot before setting out fruit trees.

Fruit land should be cultivated for two or three years and freed of all wild sod and weeds before it is set to orchard. The land should be plowed deep so as to give as deep soil as possible. Poor lands should be well manured before the orchard is set. The manure should be scattered evenly over the field and turned under with the turning plow. The practice of applying large quantities of manure in places where the tree is to stand cannot be recommended. This practice of uneven manuring is usually carried out in one of two ways. The manure is applied very thickly in the immediate vicinity of the tree and worked into the soil, or it is thrown in dead furrows that are made in the row where the trees are to be set, and then covered. The manure will decay faster if evenly distributed over the land. The trees will gather food from all directions and form a better root system. Where the fertilizer is unevenly distributed the roots seek the most fertile soil and are developed there in greatest numbers. As a result the water is taken out of such places very fast and in dry weather these spots dry out and the greater part of the root system is left without water. Trees set on such land will always suffer more for water than on soil evenly fertilized.

Subsoiling is beneficial on fruit growing soil that has a hard clay subsoil. Throwing out a deep dead furrow where the row of trees is to stand and then filling again after the trees are set is often of value both to loosen the subsoil and to help drain the land. These furrows should run up and down hill and be as deep as is possible to make them with the tools at hand. The water that stands on the ground seldom does any harm to the trees, but the soil becomes packed and in a little dry spell bakes and dries out very rapidly. A short time before the trees are set the land should be stirred deep and the and will often be a benefit to it by helping to form a deep root system. It is best to use a small plow, not larger than 12 inches, for this work. The furrows and ridges left will be smoothed and can be reduced and leveled over with little trouble. The land should be harrowed and smoothed down as soon as plowed. This deep plowing and working the soil serves several important purposes.

Plowing and stirring the soil fines it and increases the depth, thus giving a greater feeding surface, foraging, and root-hold area to the plants. The soil requires thorough pulverizing and mixing that it may give the best condition for root growth. There is but very little vegetable matter in the average soil and the air when plowed simply breaks into small clods that are hard and compact and almost impenetrable to root growth. These clods yield very little food to the plants, although they usually contain an abundance. When these clods are broken up and pulverized so that the air and moisture in the soil can act upon them the plant food is made available to the plants and used by them.

One of the most important benefits derived from deep plowing is the increasing of the water-holding capacity of the soil. The water that is held in the soil consists of a thin film of water surrounding each particle of soil. The finer the soil the more water it will hold. The deep plowing will furnish a deep bed for the water. The annual rainfall is great enough to supply the wants of all our orchard fruits, but it is so distributed that during the spring and fall there is an oversupply of water and during the summer there is not enough to supply the demands of the trees. All the methods of tillage that will help to retain the moisture in the soil should be used if possible.

The spring and summer cultivation should keep the surface level and well pulverized. No weeds or grass should be allowed to grow in the orchard. The weeds and grass are sometimes let soil well pulverized and left in a smooth, level condition free from dead furrows and ridges.

The cultivation of the orchard should begin as soon as the trees are set and continue throughout the life of the orchard. The first work should be done with the turning plow early in the spring before the trees start to grow. The soil should be stirred deep and well pulverized. All manure and trash that is on the surface should be turned under and covered well so that it will decay rapidly. The plow should run as close to the trees as possible without barking the trees or limbs with the harness. A little pruning of the shallow roots will not harm the tree grow in the vain hope of shading the ground and thus saving the moisture. The result of such a method is that the moisture is taken out of the soil by the weeds much faster than it would be by the sun. Shallow level cultivation forms an earth mulch and is the best method of conserving the soil moisture. The orchard should be cultivated after each rain to break the crust and prevent the soil from baking. This cultivation should begin early in the spring and continue until late in the summer.

The deep plowing in early spring and shallow cultivation during the summer are of great value in reducing the soil temperature during the hottest part of the summer. The deep bed of soil and shallow mulch act as a dead air space and prevent the heat penetrating deep into the soil. The benefit of cultivation is most apparent on large trees that are in bearing. The foliage retains a deep green color until fall and the fruit is full size and well matured. The trees cannot grow and mature fruit when the roots are in dry, hot soil.

The method of cultivation described in the foregoing paragraph should be put into operation as soon as the orchard is set and followed from year to year. After the trees become large and cover most of the ground the deep plowing may be dispensed with and the soil worked up in the spring with some form of disk or spading harrow. The shallow, surface cultivation must be continued as profitable returns are expected from the orchard. The practice of seeding down the old orchard cannot be expected to give good results unless the orchard happens to be in some very much favored location. Long summers with light rainfall will probably always be the main obstacle in the way of such treatment.

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

THE LEACH SANATORIUM, of Indianapolis, Ind., has published a book on cancer, which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer; tells what to do in case of pain, bleeding, odor, etc., instructs in the care of the patient, and is in fact a valuable guide in the management of any case. The book is sent free to those interested who write for it mentioning this paper.

A GOOD CHANGE

A Change of Food Works Wonders.

The wrong food and drink causes a lot of trouble in this world. To change the food is the first duty of every person that is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration: A lady in Mo. has, with her husband, been brought around to health again by leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with them. They began using Postum and Grape-Nuts food. She says:

"For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel trouble which kept getting worse until I was very ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began taking Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me.

"Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts in addition to Postum. I lived on these two principally for about fqur months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength until now the nervous trouble has entirely dissappeared and I feel that I owe my life and health to Postum and Grape-Nuts.

"Husband is 73 years old and he was troubled, for a long time, with occasional cramps, and slept badly. Finally I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. He had stood out for a long time, but after he tried Postum for a few days he found that he could sleep and that his cramps disappeared. He was satisfied and has never gone back to coffee.

"I have a brother in California who has been using Postum for several years; his whole family use it also because they have had such good results from it."

Look in pkgs., for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I am starting in the chicken business and haven't had any experience. I have some hens that seem to choke, and they wheeze like a person with the asthma. Neighbors say it is not the roup. Will somebody tell me what is the matter and give a remedy?—S., Nichols, N. Y.

Will some one please tell me how to make a hotbed for sweet potatoes and when and how to start them?—R., Helmich, Ohio.

Will some reader of the Farmstead column please tell me what is the matter with my lambs? They appear to be all right when they come, and feed two or three times from the mother. In a short time, however, they begin to lose strength and die in a short time. Some live 24 hours and some longer. I would like to have an early response.—C., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Will some fruit grower please give a spray for apple trees, with directions for use? At what time and in what manner should spraying be done to save the coming season's crop? At what time to save the moss? Should the same kind of spray be used for both purposes?—B., Salem, Ore.

I have a hog, weight about 120 pounds, aged four months, that is so stiff it can scarcely walk, and at times does not get up to eat. I wish some Farmstead reader would tell me what is the matter, and if there is a remedy. —B., Niles, Mich.

Here is a question for some Farmstead reader to answer. We have four pigs about four months old, and they are stiff in their legs and can scarcely move around. We feed them well and they have a warm place in which to sleep. Last winter our pigs were afflicted the same way. What is the matter?—S., Wellston, Ohio.

COWPEAS FOR FEED

I desire to raise cowpeas for feed for cows and hogs, and also as a crop to plow under. They have never been raised in this locality, and I am at a loss to know how to begin. I will feel very grateful to anyone who will enlighten me through the Farmstead.—S., Sherrett, Pa.

When raising cowpeas for feed select the variety suited to your soil and climate. None but the earlier varieties is likely to ripen fully in Pennsylvania. New Era is very early, and is suited to good land. Common Whippoorwill, early, will make a good crop on land too thin to make a good crop of grain. Gray Whippoorwill—or Taylor—is not so early as the common variety, but is a stronger grower on the same land. Plant in drills about 18 inches between rows, and peas about one to three inches apart in the rows, and cultivate about twice. If land is thin use commercial fertilizer. The three varieties named will ripen in succession, which might be an advantage—New Era being the most certain to ripen. The New Era carries about 225,000 seeds to the bushel; common Whippoorwill about 125,000; Gray Whippoorwill about 100,000. Peas are frequently sowed, which process takes more seed, gives less return in peas, but greater returns in hay and fertilization of the land. Sow from 1¼ to 2 bushels per acre.—P., Cleveland, Tenn.

EARLY VEGETABLES

To have early vegetables preparations must begin during the first week of March. The filling for the hotbeds is prepared, or if they are not to be started a beginning is made with flats. These last may be made good use of if there is a room suitable for the purpose. Flats are merely strong boxes made to hold from four to six inches depth of soil. They are made as large as it is desired, but should be of a size convenient for handling. They may be kept about the furnace, if the house is heated by this means provided it is light enough, or they may be placed under the kitchen stove, if the cook is willing.

Onions may be started in this way quite easily. The Spanish King and the Prizetaker are good varieties for the purpose. As soon as the ground can be worked in the spring they are set out. The result is a large yield of large onions. The temperature of the onion at the start need not be high no more than 55 at night and 65 or 70 degrees during the day. It is one of the so-called "cool" plants.

Cabbage, cauliflower, brocali, beet, celery and lettuce may be started early in the same way as onions. If sown before the middle of February they will have obtained considerable size by the time the weather will permit of transplanting.

PIG FEEDING

According to experiments the following conclusions can be relied upon in pig feeding:

1. Skim milk is the most efficient supplement to shelled corn or corn meal.

2. Soy bean meal is as good as linseed meal to make pork.

3. Tankage is best of commercial feeds for fattening hogs.

4. Previous treatment and condition of hogs when fattening begins have a great influence on later gains as kind of feed used.

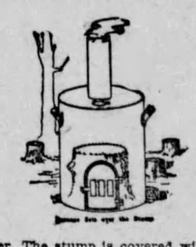
5. After five years' tests it is found there is an increase in rate of gain, decrease in cost of gain, higher finish, greater profit, from use of supplement with shelled corn or corn meal than when no supplement is used with corn or corn meal in fattening hogs.—Purdue Experiment Station.

SOOT AS A FERTILIZER

The Connecticut experiment station reports an analysis of soot from furnace flues to be used as fertilizers. One sample contained 4.52 per cent of nitrogen and .071 per cent of water soluble potash. A second sample contained 6.32 per cent of nitrogen and .80 per cent of potash. This explains the high value of soot as a fertilizer.

Burning Out Stumps

A satisfactory and inexpensive way of burning out stumps is to place a galvanized furnace over the stump and allow it to burn at leisure. This furnace is cylindrical and is made of sufficient size to cover the stumps. An ordinary joint of stove pipe is used for the smoke. A door of convenient size is made below to cover an opening that serves as a



damper. The stump is covered with kerosene and a fire built near the door between the opening and the stump. The furnace may be turned with the wind if necessary to give the fire a strong, steady draft. This contrivance will burn out large stumps in a remarkable short time, leaving nothing but deeply buried roots, and sometimes the flames will burn these out at a great depth.—M. Wooley.

AN EFFECTIVE PAINT

Prevent Injury to Young Trees by Rabbits.

4 lbs. sulphur.
4 lbs. yellow ochre.
4 lbs. flour.
4 lbs. linseed oil.
4 oz. turpentine.
4 oz. asafetida (Dissolve in 1 pt. alcohol).
¼ doz. eggs.

Mix to consistency of thick mush

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and used it five or six times before I went to bed, and the next day I was able to go to work and use my hand as usual."

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SEND us $4.80 and we will send you, **express prepaid,** 12 full 16-ounce bottles of **100-proof straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY.**

This special offer is made for the purpose of acquainting you with the **merits of LACKLAND Whiskey. If we did not believe that each order we fill means more regular patrons for LACKLAND Whiskey, we could not afford to make this offer.**

LACKLAND Whiskey is pure, wholesome and mellow; every drop is real whiskey, with the right flavor to it. You CAN'T get a better whiskey. It is straight 100-proof, *guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law.* It is highly recommended for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength.

LACKLAND Whiskey is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. You may try any bottle, and if it does not come up to your fullest expectation return the other eleven and we will promptly refund the money. All shipments made the same day order is received. Make remittance by Postal or Express Money Order, or St. Louis or New York Exchange, payable to

Lackland Dist. Co., Dept. 80 ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTICE:—All orders from Colo., Ariz., New Mex., Nev., Idaho, Utah, N. Dak., Mont. and Pacific Coast States must be accompanied by $12.00 for *24 Bottles, Express Prepaid.* Write for complete price list of Lackland Fine Liquors.

RIEGER'S PURE OLD MONOGRAM WHISKEY

Purity and age guarantee **Good Whiskey.** Rieger's Monogram is absolutely pure and wholesome. **Guaranteed by us under the Pure Food Laws.** Its exquisite, smooth, mellow flavor has made it a lasting favorite with over 100,000 satisfied customers. We are U. S. Registered Distillers (Distillery No. 360, 5th Dist., of Ky.). Why pay exhorbitant prices, when you can buy Rieger's Monogram Whiskey at the regular wholesale dealer's price, and save money by ordering your goods shipped direct.

We Prepay All Express Charges

8 Qts. Rieger's Monogram PRIVATE STOCK **$5.00**

4 Qts. Rieger's Monogram EXTRA FINE **$3.00**

FREE WITH EACH ORDER

Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Monogram Whiskey, Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

Send us an order and whem you get the Whiskey, test it for flavor, smoothness and all the essentials of **GOOD Whiskey.** Compare it with other Whiskies (no matter what the price); test it for medicinal purposes; let your friends try it; use half of it if necessary to satisfy yourself on these points—then if you are not thoroughly convinced that "Rieger's Monogram" is as good or better than any Whiskey you ever drank, return the balance to us and we will pay return charges and at once send you every cent of your money.

J. RIEGER & CO., 1541 Genesee St., Kansas City, Mo.

Full Quart Whiskey FREE

Try It At Our Expense

We Prepay Express Charges

There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and Mail Order Whiskey Houses, and while we feel sure that our Fels 8-Star Whiskey can't be beat, or even equaled in quality, or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment; therefore, we are going to give, absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove, by drinking it, that Fels 8-Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be and above all has *real whiskey* strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free that we would be flooded with requests by some unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do, but nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people.

Now here is our proposition:

We will send you one full quart bottle of **Fels 8-Star Whiskey,** absolutely free, along with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 8-Star Whiskey for $5.45 and we pay the express charges. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you have the privilege of returning to us the remaining 8 bottles and the one extra bottle you may keep free and we will immediately return your $5.45. Or send us $2.65 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 8-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price just return to us the 4 bottles and keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.65 without question or argument. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges, look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We mean to prove superiority in the whiskey business, we mean to prove at our expense, by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 8-Star Whiskey has no equal. Our quart bottles are full 32-ounce quarts and not short quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $400,000.00. If you want real whiskey and not weak watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition. The taste is the test, that will prove more than we can write. Address order and letters and make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr. or

Fels Distilling Co.

154 Fels Building Kansas City, Mo.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

QUICKSILVER

Will you please tell what you can about quicksilver, and where it is produced in the United States?—I. S., Long, W. Va.

Most of the quicksilver mines in this country are in Texas and California. In 1899, 2,000 flasks of the metal were taken from the source of supply in Texas. There were 75 pounds in each flask.

The ore from which quicksilver is obtained is a brilliant red rock known as cinnabar. When of high purity it is actually vermillion in color. Cinnabar is the original source of the pigment known commercially as vermilion. It is a compound of sulphur and quicksilver, and in order to separate the latter from the sulphur the rock is roasted. Passing off in the form of gas, the mercury is afterward condensed, and flows out in a fine stream like a continuous pencil of molten silver.

The discovery of the famous California mines came about in an odd sort of way, through observation of the vermillion paint with which certain Indians in that part of the country frescoed their bodies. It was ascertained where they got the pigment, and thus were revealed the rich deposits which subsequently became of such commercial importance. Like gold and silver, mercury is occasionally found in a native or pure state. Sometimes the miners pick penetrates a cavity that contains a cunful or more of the elusive and beautiful fluid.

The miners suffer much from the poisonous effects of the quicksilver fumes. Extreme cleanliness is the best safeguard for workers in this dangerous occupation. Use is also made of a sort of lemonade, which serves to a certain extent as an antidote, a strong acid taking the place of lemon-juice in the composition of the drink.

Vermillion is no longer produced commercially from cinnabar in the old-fashioned way. Nearly all of it is now made by heating a mixture of mercury, sulphur, potash and water until the bright color is obtained. A curious fact is that there are two distinct oxides of mercury, exactly alike in chemical composition, indistinguishable by analysis, and represented by the same chemical symbol. They differ in color, however, one being red and the other yellow, and, while both are used in medicine, they are employed for very different purposes—the red oxide internally, as a rule, and the yellow mostly for external applications.

THE PRESIDENTS

Will you please give the age and politics of the different Presidents when they were inaugurated to their office?—S. A. B., Beech, N. C.

Washington, Federalist, was 57 years of age, resided in Mount Vernon, Va.; Adams, Federalist, was 61 years of age, resided in Quincy, Mass.; Jefferson, Republican (a), was 57 years of age, resided in Monticello, Va.; Madison, Republican, was 57 years of age, resided in Montpelier, Va.; Monroe, Republican, was 58 years of age, resided in Oak Hill, Va.; J. Q. Adams, Republican (b), was 57 years of age, resided in Quincy, Mass.; Jackson, Democrat, was 61 years of age, resided in Hermitage, Tenn.; Van Buren, Democrat, was 54 years of age, resided in Kinderhook, N. Y.; Harrison, Whig, 68 years of age, resided in North Bend, O.; Tyler, Democrat, 51 years of age, resided in Williamsburg, Va.; Polk, Democrat, 49 years of age, resided in Nashville, Tenn.; Taylor, Whig, 64 years of age, resided in Baton Rouge, La.; Fillmore, Whig, 50 years of age, resided in Buffalo, N. Y.; Pierce, Democrat, was 48 years of age, resided in Concord, N. H.; Buchanan, Democrat, was 65 years of age, resided in Wheatland, Pa.; Lincoln, Republican, was 52 years of age, resided in Springfield, Ill.; Johnson, Republican, was 56 years of age, resided in Greenville, Tenn.; Grant, Republican, was 46 years of age, resided in Washington, D. C.; Hayes, Republican, was 54 years of age, resided in Fremont, O.; Garfield, Republican, was 49 years of age, resided in Mentor, O.; Arthur, Republican, was 50 years of age, resided in New York city; Cleveland, Democrat, was 47 years of age, resided in Buffalo, N. Y.; B. Harrison, Republican, was 55 years of age, resided in Indianapolis, Ind.; Cleveland, Democrat, was 56 years of age, resided in New York city; McKinley, Republican, was 53 years of age, resided in Canton, O., and Roosevelt, Republican, was 42 years of age, resided in Oyster Bay, N. Y.

DRY CELL

Is is possible for any person to renew a dry cell?—T. T. S., Sunbury, O.

We think that it is cheaper to buy new dry cells when the old ones are exhausted than to attempt to renew them. But the following is the formula for the contents of a dry cell:

Zinc and carbon plates are imbedded in a moist paste, which consists usually of one part of crystals of ammonium chloride, three parts of plaster of paris, one part of Zinc oxide, one part of Zinc chloride and two parts of water. The plaster of paris is used to make the plate rigid.

TREATY OF PORTSMOUTH

Tell something concerning the treaty of Portsmouth.—E. J. S., Cogan House, Pa.

It would take too much space for us to give all the provisions of the treaty made between Japan and Russia at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Instead we will give a general outline of the treaty. It provided for the conduct of the two countries at war with one another in the kingdom of Korea. Also Manchuria was to be evacuated by both parties with the exception of certain land. After this evacuation China was to have complete control of the country with the exception of the reserved territory. The rest of the treaty had to do much with the control of the various railways in Manchuria that were owned by both the disturbed countries.

DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENTS

Please tell the difference between democratic and republican forms of government.—O. D., Carterville, Ill.

A real democratic government is a government which is carried on by the people themselves. It is only possible in small communities where all the people can gather together in assemblies and make the laws. One can see that this form of government would be impossible in the United States or any other large country. The only place where it would be effective is in a small community of two or three hundred inhabitants or probably a few more. A republican form of government on the other hand is a government by the people, but they are represented and do not take actual part in the making and enforcing of the laws. In this kind of government the people elect whom they wish, to make and enforce the laws, trusting in them to make those which will be of the most benefit to the nation or community. It is the only form of government in a country which is too large for the democratic form. Our government is the greatest republican government on the face of the globe.

WILD PIGEONS

Will you please tell me whether there are any wild pigeons any more, and if so, where they live?—A. M. G., North Brookfield, N. Y.

One species of wild pigeons live in the Rocky mountains and the Pacific region, one in Arizona and southward, and a third in Florida and the West Indies. Still another kind is the passenger pigeon which formerly wandered widely in great flocks in search of food. It used to range throughout North America east of the Rocky mountains and occasionally pushed even to the shores of the Pacific. It was most abundant, however, east of the Great Plains and in the temperate regions. At the present time it has practically disappeared from most of this region and is now found in any numbers only in the upper Mississippi valley and the borderland between the United States and Canada.

U. S. ATTORNEY-GENERAL

Please give the duties of the attorney-general of the United States. S. B., Panther, W. Va.

The attorney-general of the United States is an officer appointed by the President. He is required by statute to give his advice and opinion upon questions of law whenever required by the President; to pass upon the validity of the title of public lands purchased for the erection of public buildings of the United States; when requested to give his opinion to the head of any executive department on any questions of law arising in his department; to conduct and argue all cases in which the United States is interested, whenever he deems it best for the interests of the United States for him to do so; to exercise general superintendence and direction over the attorneys and marshals of all the districts in the United States and the territories as to the manner of discharging their respective duties.

GEORGE S. NARES

Please give a short sketch of the life of Nares the explorer.—C. B. C. Freemanburg N. Y.

Sir George Strong Nares, the English explorer of the Artic regions, was born in Danestown, Scotland, 1831. He was educated at the Royal naval college, and entered the navy in 1845. He accompanied an Arctic expedition which left in 1852 for the northern regions, remaining there for two years. In 1872 he took command of the Challenger in one of these expeditions. After Nares had returned from this trip he was placed at the head of the North Polar expedition and obtained valuable scentific information. He was then assigned to command of a survey of the South Pacific. In 1892 Nares was created a vice-admiral, but was retired from active service.

JOHN LA FARGE

Please give an account of the life of John LaFarge, the American artist.—G. W. L., Springfield, Mo.

John LaFarge, the American artist, was born in New York, March 31 1835. He was the son of a French midshipman who escaped imprisonment at San Domingo in 1806, and eventually settled at Philadelphia.

Young LaFarge began life in a lawyer's office in New York, became much attracted by the Arundel prints of Giotto, turned away from the commonplace of the Hudson River School, and with a deep appreciation of Japanese art found a friend and master in William Hunt. He originally developed a taste founded on Japanese literalism, Pre-Rhaphaelic conventionality and imaginative conventionalism. Japanese art has certainly determined the line of his success, and his windows in the palaces of New York and elsewhere are beyond criticism.

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA

Will you please tell what you can concerning the education in Russia?—O. H. M., Bennett, Colo.

In Russia about $20,000,000 per annum are expended by the state on education. Including secondary schools, the number of educational establishments maintained wholly or in part by the government amounts, so far as can be ascertained, to about 50,000, the pupils numbering about 2,500,000. The country is divided into educational districts, but the organization of the means of education is as yet little more than adequate for the education of public officials and the great mass of the population is wholly uneducated. There are various universities scattered through the country. In Finland, where there is a separate system, education is nearly universal.

GAME LAWS OF ARKANSAS

Please give the game laws of Arkansas.—P. W. G., Augusta, Okla.

The open seasons for hunting in Arkansas are, for deer (except in Chicot county, Oct. 1 to Feb. 1), Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; for squirrel, Nov. 1, to Mar. 1; except in Lee, Monroe, Phillips, and Francis counties, which is from May 1, to Dec. 1; quail or partridge, from Nov. 1, to Mar. 1, except in Bradley and Dallas counties, Nov. 15, to Mar. 1.) prairie chicken and pinnated grouse, Nov. 1, to Dec. 1; wild turkey, Sept. 1, to May 1, (except in Chicot county, males, Feb. 1, to May 15; hens, 1911); pheasants (Chinese, English), 10 years, Mar. 14, 1913; and for dove there is no open season.

SURNAMES

Will you please tell about the origin of surnames?—R. E. W., Ripley, W. Va.

Names were introduced into England by the Normans, and were adopted by the nobility about 1,100. The old Normans used Fitz which signifies son, as Fitzherbert. The Irish used O, for grandson, as O'Donnell, and the Scottish Highlanders used Mac, as MacDonald. The northern nations added the word son to the father's name, as Williamson.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

Please give a biographical sketch of Martha Washington.—A. C. B., Fredericktown, O.

Martha, the wife of George Washington, was born in New Kent county, Virginia, in May, 1732—the same year, and about three months later than her renowned second husband. Her maiden name was Dandridge, her father being Col. John Dandridge, a planter. In June, 1749, at the age of 17, she was married to Daniel Parke Custis, a wealthy planter. They had four children, of whom two died in infancy. In 1747, eight years after their marriage, Mr. Custis died, leaving his widow, Martha, one of the wealthiest women in Virginia. About a year after her widowhood Mrs. Custis met Col. George Washington at the house of Major William Chamberlayne, where both were invited guests. The two became engaged in May, 1758, but on account of Washington's northern campaign, in the French and Indian war, it was not until January, 1759, that the marriage took place, in St. Peter's (Protestant Episcopal) church, New Kent county, Virginia, the Rev. John Mossum performing the ceremony.

The wedding was one of the most brilliant that had ever been seen in a church in Virginia. Col. Washington wore a suit of blue cloth, the coat lined with red silk, and ornamented with silver trimmings; his waistcoat was embroidered white satin, his knee-buckles were of gold and his hair powdered. The bride wore a white satin quilted petticoat, a heavily corded white silk overdress, diamond buckles and pearl ornaments. The governor of the colony of Virginia, many members of the colonial legislature, British officers and the neighboring gentry were present in full court dress. Washington's body servant, Bishop, a tall negro, to whom he was much attached, and who had accompanied him in all his military compaigns, stood in the church porch, dressed in the scarlet uniform of a soldier of the royal army of the time of George II. The bride and her three attendants drove back to the White House, which was the name of the residence on the estate of Mr. Custis, which she had inherited as his widow, in a coach drawn by six horses, led by postilions in livery. Col. Washington and an escort of cavaliers riding by the side of the vehicle.

Mrs. Washington's life for the next 17 years at Mt. Vernon was in the style of the English aristocracy of that day. Her daughter, Martha Parke Custis, died in her 17th year. She was a brunette and celebrated for her beauty. Her last surviving child of the four—John Parke Custis—died in 1781, leaving four children. The two younger, Eleanor Parke Custis ("Nelly" Custis), and George Washington Parke Custis, were at once adopted by Gen. Washington. Mrs. Washington had no children by the general.

She was an ardent sympathizer with her husband in his patriotic measures during the revolution. In 1774 she wrote to a kinswoman who deprecated what she called Washington's "folly:" "Yes, I foresee consequences—dark days; domestic happiness suspended, social enjoyments abandoned and eternal separations on earth possible. But my mind is made up, my heart is in the cause. George is right; he is always right." When she assumed the duties of mistress of the executive mansion in New York when Washington began his first term as President she was 57 years old, but still retained traces of beauty and bore herself with great personal dignity. She greatly disliked official life and rejoiced when her husband refused a third term in 1796. She resided at Mt. Vernon the remainder of her life, dying on May 22, 1802, at just about the close of her 70th year—she having survived her husband two and a half years. Before her death she destroyed her entire correspondence with Gen. Washington, that the confidences they shared together should not be made public.

MISCELLANEOUS

N. J., Johnstown, O.: See an attorney for the information you want.

D. C. B., Platteville, Wis., and C. H. B., Conneautville, Pa.: Your question would take too much space to answer in these columns.

G. F. K., Maud, Ala.: The U. S. senate reporter does not get the highest government salary outside that of the President.

B. S., East Smithfield, Pa.: The expenditures of the postoffice department of the government for the year 1909 were $221,004,102, and the receipts were $203,562,383.

M. F., Atalissa, Ia.: The President takes the oath of office first, and then it is administered to the vice president by the president pro tem of the senate.

R. A. C., Murphy, N. C.: Write to Merrill E. Gates, Washington, D. C., who is secretary of the board of Indian commissioners.

J. A. F., Cable, O.: If you accept a paper from the postoffice you will have to pay the publishing company for it the same as if you had subscribed for it. If you do not want to pay for it you must refuse to take it from the postoffice.

R. T., Rapid City, Mich.: J. M. Wilmot, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the secretary and manager of the Carnegie hero fund.

J. C. P., Damascus, Pa.: Navigable rivers and lakes are controlled by the government, but others are controlled by the land owners.

C. F. G., Sherrard, W. Va.: You did not give us the date of your paper, and therefore we cannot give the necessary information.

G. T., Downington, O.: The correct spelling is s-u-m-m-e-r w-e-a-r, and not s-u-m-m-e-r w-a-r-e.

W. P. K., Utica, O.: We could not give you directions as to how to read a gas or water meter unless we gave a diagram.

E. M., South Lawrence, Mass.: We have not the necessary statistics to answer your question.

G. F. S., Brandon, Vt.: The ship subsidy bill is now in the hands of a committee, and is about to be brought up for legislation.

W. W. S., Cochranton, Pa.: In certain states no Indian can vote, and in others only taxed Indians. It varies in the different states.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

Crime and the Police.

The cities of the United States pay to their police $12,000,000 a month. This is $144,000,000 a year and something like $400,000 a day. In an article in the World Today Hugh Weir arraigns the police of the nation for failure to protect life and property, to suppress crime or even to check it. In advancing his argument, he presents some interesting figures. There are 10,000 persons murdered in the United States every year, he says. Chicago averages annually 118 murders. Paris records only 15 murders and attempted murders. London, four times the size of Chicago, has only 20. There are 45 murders annually in Georgia—more than in the whole British empire.

"More people are murdered in this country every year," says Mr. Weir, "than are killed on the railroads. In three years our murder victims total more than the losses of the British army in the Boer war. There are four and a half times as many murders for every million of our population today as there were 20 years ago."

Two in every hundred murderers in the United States, Mr. Weir says, are punished by law. The other 98 go absolutely free. In 95 per cent of the homicides of Germany the murderer is brought to justice. In Spain the number is 85 per cent; in France, 61; in Italy, 77; in England, 50.

The failure of the police to make arrests or secure convictions in serious cases, Mr. Weir finds explained in a measure by their activity in arresting drunken men. Of 786,000 arrests throughout the country last year, he says, 350,000 were drunkenment. In Chicago there were 77,763 arrests and 40,796—more than half—were **for drunkenness.**

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A 168-Page Book That Tells All About Concrete

FREE After reading this instructive book any farmer can make and use concrete in many useful ways. It contains 168 pages, and is filled with plans and specifications and photographs of farm structures that may be built of concrete. This book—**"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm"**—is free to farmers. Write for it today.

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

Makes The Best Concrete

ATLAS is the standard American brand of cement. It is made of genuine Portland Cement rock. It contains no furnace slag. There is only one quality of Atlas manufactured—the best that can be made and the same for everybody. 4,500,000 barrels of Atlas were ordered by the U. S. Government for the Panama Canal.

Ask your dealer for ATLAS. If he cannot supply you, write to

The ATLAS Portland CEMENT Co.,
Dept 163 30 Broad St., New York

Daily Productive Capacity, over 50,000 Barrels. The largest in the world.

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MAKE JUST AS GOOD

FREE! INITIAL DINNER SET FOR YOU LADIES!

We say *FREE* to you and we mean it. Not one cent of your money is asked for. We even pay the freight. A handsome and artistic *DINNER SET,* beautifully decorated in colors and bearing your own initial. - - - -

COMPLETE DINNER SET FULL SIZE FOR FAMILY USE

Simply send your name, address and freight office.

Don't Delay - Reply Quickly

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CASH PRIZES!

In addition will distribute a number of Cash Prizes. Everyone has a chance ! ! ! ! !

(From the Chicago Inter Ocean.)

All readers of The Weekly Blade who have sick friends, suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble, will be interested.

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the New York University, New York, later of the famous Bellevue hospital, and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very quick acting formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

The editor of The Weekly Blade saw the above clipping from the Inter Ocean and wanted to know of this new formula for curing kidney trouble.

Arrangements were then made by which Dr. Lynott offers Weekly Blade readers a **free treatment.** Dr. Lynott, however, says that he proposes to give the free treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positive wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore, Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cure-all." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once, both the medical advice and the medicine are entirely free.

The editor of this paper, Weekly Blade, feels that with such a free offer, anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

I know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, **but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER.** And remember that instead of getting an ordinary physician, you get the medical advice free direct from America's greatest of all specialists on these diseases. See Free treatment certificate at bottom of this page and get relief **right now.**

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

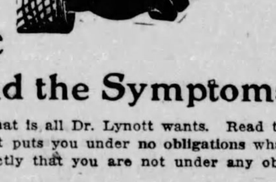
whose photo is printed here, is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott wants the people to get the benefit of this free treatment.

His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact, Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the great New York University—of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

Writing of Dr. T. Frank Lynott, who gives the medical advice free, a brother specialist writes as follows:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases; but I must confess my respect, my profound sense of esteem, for Dr. Lynott, whose wonderful success in treating urinary diseases has surprised us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer—the most genuine and generous offer ever made by a high grade physician. It seems to me the medical world ought not to be jealous of his success, but should praise him for what he has done and is doing for humanity."

JUST Your Name and Address and the Symptoms



of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free treatment **certificate;** read how it puts you under **no obligations** whatever, how it says specially and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY---just write for the free treatment

REMEMBER:—This free treatment offer is **limited.** Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's personal care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are **guaranteed** the **free** treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today, at once, and remember, you need **instant, immediate** relief from those awful pains.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 3526 Occidental Bldg., **CHICAGO**

If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other uric acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel that you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

STOP

Stop that back breaking, twisting, terrible, terrible, unbearable agony! Oh, that awful, awful digging soreness—the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wringing pain—**stop that pain RIGHT NOW!**

Yes, Write For the Free Treatment

a REAL Free Trial Treatment that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week, not tomorrow, but relief AT ONCE—**immediately** after starting the treatment. It is so **simple,** so mild, yet so scientific and so **sure**—this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now, today.

See the Free Certificate below—sign it and send it today. **No money—no obligation. At last** you can get relief and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine **free** treatment by America's and Europe's **leading** specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free **to convince the public.**

If you have Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism (the cause of those pains), then **it's your loss** if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says **free,** he **means** free—not one cent to pay; and it is "up to you" whether you **want the best medical advice and medicine all without a cent of cost.** Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. See the Free Trial Certificate at the bottom of this page.

LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with nerve-racking pain—they are victims of kidney trouble; they think it is a rheumatic twitch. Friends say they grumble, but considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved so quickly, so surely, so simply, and **right now, free of charge.**

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The Symptoms

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3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
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8—Constipation or liver trouble.
9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
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11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
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State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

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Give numbers from table above—that is all.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910.

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No family should keep a scrap book. The best way is to try to forget it.

Arkansas should start a movement for a safe and sane Senator Jeff Davis.

Some men want the earth, but the Guggenheims would be satisfied with Alaska.

It is almost too good to be true, but the Irish really seem now in a fair way to get home rule.

Evangelist Sunday is working in Danville, Ill. But the man he ought to get is in Washington.

Fate was kind to the Republican party when it made a Democrat of Senator Jeff Davis.

After going through a street car strike Philadelphia will not be afraid of the comet's tail.

Dr. Wiley says fudge makes girls fat. The doctor's opinion ought to be interesting to the slim girls.

Congress has sent out $400,000 worth of seeds. What a blessing it would be if they would all grow.

John D. Rockefeller is a valuable citizen. He keeps J. Pierpont Morgan from owning everything.

At the present price of chickens there is probably some excuse for the man who struts around like a rooster.

It would be a grand sight to see King Edward stand up and tell some of his advisers where to get off.

By putting something like an original idea in his speech King Edward threw himself open to criticism.

Mr. Fairbanks is also coming home, but we don't hear of any reception committees getting ready to welcome him.

China is advancing toward constitutional government. But when China advances she does not break any speed laws.

"It is said that the hobos have caught the farm fever." If they have there is no doubt about it being a fever.

It is said that wide-brimmed hats for men are to be in style during the coming spring. But who cares what men wear?

Dr. Wiley predicts that in fifty years the world will be run by water, wind and alcohol. But why the water and alcohol?

A Chicago minister declares there will be no men in heaven. But let no woman be discouraged. He may be mistaken.

"Hips are coming back into style again," says a fashion note. Persons who saved their hips will now be glad of it.

Twenty-two wearers of Carnegie hero medals were married last year. Now how long will they continue to wear them?

Kansas is going to fight the chinch bug, and the opinion of sporting men is that the contest will last more than forty rounds.

Thomas A. Edison's daughter has invented an automobile wrap. But this doesn't necessarily mean that the horse must go.

The story is being told of a man who took a headache powder and got married without knowing it. A poor excuse is better than none.

It is reported that Theodore Roosevelt, upon his return home, will write a history of Texas. That will take at least 30 minutes of his time.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion that Mr. Roosevelt will get shaved before he returns home, for Mrs. Roosevelt is going to meet him abroad.

President Taft's aunt says he doesn't eat enough. She has a right to her opinion, though aunts are inclined to be prejudiced in such matters.

Halley's comet's tail is wise in fixing its schedule so as to get here before Mr. Roosevelt's return home. Otherwise it would not attract much attention.

Mr. Roosevelt came out of the African jungle with such a long, heavy beard that it is doubtful if a malefactor of great wealth would have recognized him.

We are beginning to understand it now. This long winter was sent as a vindication of the prediction made by our old friend, John Busby, of Independence, Iowa.

Senator Aldrich says he can run the government for $300,000,00 a year less than it now costs. Why not take the job away from Uncle Joe and give it to the senator?

A Long Island man is the father of twenty-eight children, but he isn't going about complaining of the high cost of living. To be a hero is often a simple matter.

President Taft will make an address at Boston on the Fourth of July, but it will be on the safe and sane order. Let there be no fear that he will split the blue empyrean or pull the tail feathers out of the American eagle.

THE FOOD BILLS.

The full findings of the legislative committee which has been investigating the rise in food prices have not yet been made public but some measure of the revelations made before it can be interpreted from the nature of the bills which the committee is to introduce.

Chief among these bills will be that which proposes the regulation of cold storage plants. Where manipulation has been possible it has been through the power of these plants to market food kept for indefinite periods. The warehouses have become very necessary agents for providing food-stuffs through the unproductive months. They cannot be done away with or sneered into bankruptcy. The public has reason to be extremely grateful to the men who devised the processes of refrigeration and studied their capacity for preserving food. But this apparatus and this capacity have been abused. They have given opportunity for manipulation, for the development of "corners" in the necessities of life, for the forming of combinations and trade agreements and the squeezing of the consumer, though perhaps the "game" has not been worked in Ohio as in other states. The law can put the plant owners upon a fixed basis of fair dealing. It can protect the public against the sale of food stored too long and maintain a healthy competition in the markets.

The other bills are subordinate to this. One provides for the sale of dry food by weight, thus making a policy which has been adopted by the larger cities in force everywhere. Inspection of weights and measures also would be put under state regulation according to the provisions of another bill. The suggestion of a correspondence school in farming is, perhaps, too novel to gain either legislative approval or public support. Yet it may be altogether feasible. More daring projects in paternalism have proved successful.

Beyond mere regulation and inspection is the need of encouraging production. The consumption of eight leading farm products increased 33.34 per cent in the 10 years from 1897 to 1907, but their production increased only 3.48 per cent. It is doubtful if any law-making whatsoever could bring these statistics into concord. Their harmony can only be gained by such bettered conditions which will keep those trained in agriculture upon the farm and by the spread of the knowledge of scientific tillage.

THE AVENGING OF IRELAND.

The story of the depopulation of Ireland is told by Seumas MacManus in the Travel Magazine. The island had nearly 9,000,000 inhabitants in 1847. It has scarcely more than 4,250,000 today and each year 50,000 young men and women take ship in quest of homes under more hopeful skies.

There are few countries with greater resources for comfort and happiness. The soil, under proper treatment, responds with rich increase. Great markets are nearby and in the hills are swift streams, the power of which goes to waste. It is estimated by MacManus that a population of 20,000,000 might very easily be cared for. Ireland stands as the second most fearful example of oppression in the world. Grinding laws, absentee landlorism and the shadow of strong military forces and an active constabulary have made the land notable mostly for producing desirable citizens for America and the British colonies.

The true irony of the story, however, lies in the fields of the oppressors. There the same process that depopulated Ireland is driving the people from the soil. The rich need the land for hunting and for parks. The small farmer and the laborer must either emigrate or seek livelihood in the crowded cities. The decay, so saddening to the scenes in Ireland, has set in in England. It is now a German taunt. Nations, willing to read the example of selfish government, look on curiously and offer little predictions as to the day when the great empire is to come shattering down.

SCIENCE VS. LIFE.

An officer in the medical corps of the regular army has filed a protest against the reduction of the food of soldiers to what is termed a scientific basis. The figures as to starches and proteids may work out in the laboratory, he says, but they fail to leave a satisfying feeling in the stomachs of enlisted men.

The conflict between science and life is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern times. Things have a trick of doing just so among the test-tubes and retorts. The chemist makes a new steel that is harder than any other ever discovered. The assayer can save every trace of gold out of a sample of ore. The food specialist knows facts which are so tremendous he has to have a language of many jointed words to tell about them. Yet the laboratory steel and that produced by the same formula in the mills are often two very different materials. No stamp mill, cyanide or chloride process, or smelter, ever succeeded in taking all the precious metal out of ore. The human body, in some irritating way or other, insists upon having something more than pure nourishment. It has become used to getting waste material also and won't be happy unless it does.

Science is becoming our master and minister. We have the greatest respect for it. Yet, as it admits itself, nature does not always obey her own laws.

LOTTERY VS. RACING.

The secretary of the interior is credited with the invention of an excellent scheme for distributing the allotments of 40-acre farms at Yuma, Cal., to be opened for settlement in March. Instead of letting the prospective farmers line up and make a rush for it, he will have a lottery held at a ball park in Los Angeles. This, he considers, will save a lot of time and hardship and possibly litigation.

Aside from the moral question, there are several serious objections in the lottery method of distribution. It does give everyone a chance, but the trouble is everyone takes a chance. The population of Los Angeles, it may be depended upon, will have applications on file. Not one in a thousand will have any intention of settling on the land, but here seems to be an opportunity to get something for nothing, and it would be criminal to let it pass. At a lottery drawing in the northwest, a woman stenographer of Seattle drew the first choice. She remarked, when told of her luck, that she wouldn't think of bothering about her claim any further. Her application had served to blockade bona fide settlers. There were hundreds of other such applicants.

Oklahoma was opened with a great rush. There was fighting and litigation, and the one possessing the slower horse was distanced. But few who were speculators pure and simple took part in the race. It wasn't their game. It interfered with business and returns were not swift or certain.

The secretary of the interior may save his agents a good deal of inconvenience. Yet the Yuma allotment will probably benefit little thereby so far as obtaining the right kind of citizens.

THE DELAYS OF THE LAW.

Richard Cheatham, secretary of the Southern Cotton association, charged publicly that crop statistics of the department of agriculture were given out secretly in advance of the regular publication day and used by speculators to influence the market. Edwin H. Holmes, a government employe, was tried, the jury disagreeing. Indictments against Moses Haas and Theodore H. Price of New York, were dismissed, but later revived upon the discovery of new evidence. This famous "cotton leak" was brought to light five years ago. Last Monday the United States supreme court decided that Haas and Price must be taken to Washington for trial.

This is another instance of the tortuous course that business pursues in the federal courts. The laws, the procedure and custom permit of the placing of an almost endless number of obstacles in the path of justice.

This interminable process has done more than anything else to bring the United States courts into disrespect with the people. As those who have committed crimes against the peace and dignity of the government have been enabled—with the help of shrewd lawyers—to keep out of prison cells, so also have the rich and powerful succeeded in escaping punishment for wrongs committed against their poorer and weaker neighbors. Contempt for the law is often associated with political expediency, but more often it has its basis in the knowledge that justice and the code of the courts are not in harmony with each other.

ON SPORTSMANSHIP.

As one pointing out the shortcomings of national character, Charles M. Schwab tells of seeing two Frenchmen at Monte Carlo taking their pastime by shooting down sea-gulls. In Paris a man was arrested while angling for rats through the grating of a sewer. An indignant crowd denounced the police, shouting, "A bas la tyrannie! Hurrah for untrammeled sport!"

Mr. Schwab has been a dweller in the cities for many years. He knows the rural America principally from the seat of a motor car, which is to know it very little. If he were to walk out on spring and fall days into the districts which can easily be reached from the city he would observe instances of unsportsmanship that would make him hesitate a long time before he scorned the ways of Frenchmen. He would behold hunters popping away at game birds or song birds, at field sparrows or crows, jay-birds or herons, killing just to be killing. He would know that there are men in this part of the country who think it nothing reprehensible to set fire to marsh grass in the fall in order to drive out game. He would know that bob-o-links are shot in the Carolinas and sold to the big restaurants of the east as reed birds, that robins are slaughtered in Tennessee and marketed at ten cents a dozen. The small boy carrying a firearm for the first time might be forgiven for shooting at song-birds. A wren is about as big to him as a wild goose. But the offenders are mostly grown men and almost without exception from the cities.

There are gull-killers and admirers of rat-fishers over here.

TAFT'S HALF-LOAF.

The President is quoted as having given reluctant consent to the side-tracking of the greater part of the administrative measures if the following pledges of the Republican platform are carried out by the present session of congress:

Amendment to the interstate commerce act.

Reform of the laws governing the issue of injunctions.

Statehood bills.

Postal savings bank.

This means that the federal incorporation bill, the reorganization of the government of Alaska and the conservation proposals are to go over to the next congress.

Of the bills determined upon we believe the people are greatly concerned at present with only two. There is deep dissatisfaction with the abuse of the injunction. It has been misused, misapplied, issued for the most petty of causes and often for the benefit of special interests. It savors of government for the enrichment of the few and is entirely at variance, in its extreme forms, with the American ideal of freedom of action. Mr. Taft discussed this reform several times in speeches made during his campaign, and it is known the subject lies close to his heart. The amendment to the interstate commerce act has for its aim the correction of wrongs to shippers and the granting of further powers to the interstate commission, a highly expensive institution, but one forced to deal mainly with trivialities more fit for the court of a justice of the peace.

There is a popular demand for the installation of a postal bank savings system. But a hastily framed or ill-considered plan would do more harm to the prospective customers of the bank than good. The policy calls for much study. Some uneasiness has been expressed over putting a bureau of this sort in the postal department which is notorious for its unbusinesslike methods and its close association with spoils politics. The postal bank will come, but it should have the most solid of foundations.

While the President's party is pledged to the statehood bill, there surely can be no other which can better be postponed. Arizona has an estimated population exactly that of the city of Toledo. New Mexico has fewer residents than either Cincinnati or Cleveland. Yet the two together, if made states, will have four senators, whose voting power is twice that of the senators of Ohio, representing 4,500,000 people. Congress would be given 625,000 persons a greater power than six times as many. Surely the conservation bills are more important than this dangerous one, and far more just to all the people.

It was necessary to shorten the program. That was evident at the beginning. But the people will hardly endorse the choice as to the legislation which is to go through.

THE PREMATURE CLARION.

The Democratic newspapers in New York rejoiced greatly a few months ago over what was pronounced the regeneration of the state Democratic party. An enlightened era had set in, said the papers. The organization was to become that of Cleveland's day, its diadem reset with honored names and its purpose made as pure as the clearest jewel. The editors were extravagant with poetry.

Yet, on further examination of the refurbished party, the people of New York may hardly be expected to stampede the recruiting offices of the organization. The party is being made over. William J. Connors, of Buffalo, is to resign as chairman in April, a brief reprieve having been granted him to save his political sensitiveness. The man who granted the respite and dictated the terms was Charles F. Murphy, Tammany chieftain, beneficiary of jobbed municipal offices, profiter of grafting and corruption and looted public funds.

The sight of the New York state Democracy, obedient to the orders of General Charles Murphy, proud to march under the banners of the unspeakable Tammany and singing the party songs in harmony with those who put the white slave traffic upon a business basis, might be amusing if it were not so pitiful—and indecent. The announcement of the resurrection of Democracy was like some of the California fruit of the markets. It was distinguished by its unripeness.

UNDERSTANDING AT LAST.

Joseph Cannon is not to be speaker of the house of representatives again. There was need of no poll among the newspapers of the middle west to settle that in the minds of a number of congressmen. They heard the voice of the country several weeks ago.

The surprising thing about the poll to anyone this side of the mouutains is that Washington should have been surprised by the extent of the anti-Cannon sentiment. Yet that is exactly the Washington way. People there strut around and speak of themselves as holding the pulse of the country. They can't feel a heart-beat farther away than Wall street, New York. They insist they have a perfect birds-eye view of the nation and they can't see farther than the new lobbyist across Pennsylvania avenue. Washington is the greatest ostrich ever hatched. It performs a little trick, sticks it head in the sand and thinks nobody can see it.

Had the Republican congressmen who have been nestling against the bosom of Uncle Joe forgotten their house politics for a moment a year ago and looked about them, they would never have let the speaker run again for the office. They would have saved him the humiliation of defeat. For certainly he would have been defeated. Every member with the desire to get back would have leaped at the chance to stuff his grip with the best of campaign material—opposition to Joseph Cannon.

Now Cannon is eliminated beyond dispute and Washington has found it out, let's see how long before it is discovered that the country won't stand for Cannonism either.

WON'T LET HIMSELF BE FORGOTTEN.

When Dr. Cook fled from the country upon the eve of the exposure of his hoax, many felt a deep sympathy for him. Excuses were not wanting—he had deceived himself, his instruments were at fault, a motive for his offending was lacking and his record as Arctic explorer was clear. We believe there are not even shreds of the sympathy left.

Dispatches from South America give the impression that the doctor has lost little flesh or interest in life because of the exposure. He appears to have taken the matter philosophically, as one who has put all upon the long chances of a big wager and shrugs his shoulders when he loses. Shame and regret have not stamped his face. He will not talk with persons so foolish as to want to interview him, but he smiles and enjoys the scenes about him. His future is blasted, but Cook doesn't know it. He hasn't an old friend left who will acknowledge it, but he doesn't care. He wanders about, a man without a country, but it apparently makes not the slightest difference to him.

Considering how the doctor shamed his fellows and his native land, it would be more pleasant to forget him. The trouble lies with Cook. He is cursed with the trick of bringing himself into the public vision in a way that public vision cannot fail to recognize him.

LABOR NOT A HORSE.

The United States consul at Nottingham, thus explains the new labor exchange act of Great Britain:

The theory of the law is to treat labor as a commodity which can be found at some known place when wanted, and its object is to reduce unemployment and to improve labor conditions generally by bringing together men who want work and employers who want help. The exchanges to be operated under the new law will not touch questions of strikes, lockouts, or other disputes. Employers will register the kind of labor they want; men (and women, but not domestic servants) who want work will register, indicating the kind of labor they can perform. So far as possible the exchanges will exclude the unemployable, leaving them to be provided for by existing charities. The movement is of a purely business character.

In this country we are just passing out of that stage where labor is looked upon as a commodity. It doesn't work. It lacks the essentials to peaceful relationship between employer and employe. Labor is not a building material or a breakfast food, or a horse. Where it is obtained at the cheapest price it is usually found to be the most costly in point of production. The American railroads are acquiring the right spirit which should exist between worker and capital. They are getting the men to say. "We work with the company, not for it."

The test of time will show, in every likelihood, that the British labor exchange act is valuable only as a temporary expedient, provided that "commodity" theory remains the basic element.

WHAT WE WON'T FIGHT FOR.

There is dread in the minds of many Americans that war will some day be declared between the United States and Japan. But not because a soldier like Major General J. Franklin Bell says so. The Pacific may be stained with blood. Yet not because the banker Leslie M. Shaw says so.

The soldier must think of war constantly. He is employed to fight or to keep himself prepared for fighting. He would be the first always to see war clouds and the first to announce the fact. But since he understands little of what causes war and virtually nothing of the forces within a nation which make war possible, he is almost always premature. The banker looks upon business as of far more importance in the conduct of the world than it actually is. He forgets that peoples have sacrificed everything for sentiment, that business means nothing when the sense of injustice rankles or indignation against abuses mounts high. The people of the United States may go to war to support policies that might more sensibly be settled by compromise, but they will never fight Japan to protect the business interests of investors, however large their numbers.

ON SAVING MONEY.

Senator Aldrich, in urging the senate to pass a bill calling for a reform of the methods in vogue in the executive departments of the government, declared that $300,000,000 could be saved each year.

There is no one in congress who should know more about the waste of government. When the senator from Rhode Island declares money is misspent it must be accepted as a fact, for Senator Aldrich has been mixed up in all the measures and deals for misspending money of the last quarter century. He is perfectly familiar with "pork barrel" politics, private pension schemes and the passage of bills to give congressmen pleasant little junkets abroad. He has helped as much as many to perpetuate the waisteful processes of the postoffice department and been party to the business of dusting sand in the machinery proposed to remedy the evils.

Entire disinterest on the part of Senator Aldrich is difficult to conceive of. One may wonder why, after all these years, he desires today that $300,000,000 should be saved. Perhaps some of it isn't going where he thinks it ought.

ANOTHER BOYCOTT

The Quakers Quit Using Slave Products Seventy Years Ago.

New York World.

In the eat-no-meat campaign the ruling motive has been resentment against high prices. The seat of the revolt was in the consumer's pocket.

A large number of individuals, led by western trade unions, had been stirred to enter into a food boycott, not because of the promptings of their moral nature, but because they were constantly finding it harder to make both ends meet at the end of the week. It was a question of dollars and cents with the food strikers. People were willing to change the order of their diet somewhat for 30 or 60 days in the hope that by that time the beef packers and butchers, after suffering a considerable loss of business, would find it worth while to lower their prices.

Seventy years ago, when the abolition movement was making slow headway in the face of brutal opposition, a number of Quakers resolved to forswear the use of all slave products. They acted in obedience to their consciences, not from material considerations. They were fighting the fight of human rights, and the sugar and rice and cotton raised in the south by slave labor, they declared, was stained with blood. They started "free-labor stores" for people of their stern way of thinking. James Mott, the husband of Lucretia Mott, as a matter of principle closed out a prosperous cotton commission business in Philadelphia, and after a time went into the wool trade. Some quit using sugar altogether to be on the safe side. One uncompromising old Quaker cut the cotton linings out of his clothes so as to be at peace with his convictions.

The two crusades were fundamentally different in spirit. The one, started by a small group of anti-slavery fanatics who held in abhorrence the popular and political views of the times, required the sacrifice of business profits and personal comfort as a matter of pure moral principle. The other, set on foot by strong organizations of workers and supported by sympathy, at the most involves only temporary self-denial as a means to gaining personal benefits.

Tragedy of the Telephone.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

W. L. Ross, treasurer of the Cuyahoga Telephone company, tells of the awful cose of a woman on a suburban party line who was in the habit of talking, or listening to other people talking, over the line all day long, or until hunger would drive her from the phone.

One day a man on the same line picked up the receiver and heard this woman and another one working a conversational relay. He was annoyed over having to wait and set about making the woman mad at each other so that they wouldn't talk any more. He placed the receiver on his phone up against the transmitter, with the result that when either woman was talking, her words came right back to her own ears.

The woman that happened to be having the flow of words to the face at that moment thought her neighbor was mocking her, and after telling what she thought of the bringing up of people that would stoop to such discourtesy, she hung up.

Then the man put in his call and was not molested.

A Mean Landlord.

Judges' Library.

Mrs. Uptown (to lady caller.)—"I do think we've go the meanest, most penurious and grasping old Shylock of a landlord that ever lived.

Caller—"Why do you remain here then? Why not try some other place if you don't like the landlord?"

Mrs. Uptown—"That's just it! He's that mean he won't let us get far enough behind with the rent so it is really any object to us to move."

Commission Form of Government

DES MOINES, IOWA.

By Calvin Goodrich.

Des Moines—An inquiry into the commission government experiment would be cursory unless it sought to learn what influence the old political elements might have under the new form of if they had any. The political boss would not give up his perquisites without a struggle. He has too much of the gambler in him not to make at least a test of the strength of the barriers raised against him. He would attempt to climb them if only as a sporting proposition. Having made his gains out of the weaknesses of human nature, he would be cynical of any revolutionary movement in which virtue, mailed and suspicious, was expected to obtain dominance of a municipal government with one sweeping charge upon the ancient order.

Not until I reached Des Moines did I catch a glimpse of the boss operating under the Galveston system. He is here, real and tangible, a benevolent boss, beyond the least taint of discredit, and yet a boss, as definite a one as ever yanked the wires of a city hall in the most corrupt of municipalities.

The Kind of Boss.

The boss in Des Moines is James G. Berryhill. He is a trim, clean-cut citizen, typically American, metallic of voice, clear of eye, firm of mouth direct of manner. He gives an impression of unusual force, a strength which both serves to carry him through the delicate places of the service he has assumed and to keep a tight curb upon personal enthusiasm lest it betray him into impracticabilities. Mr. Berryhill is a manufacturer here, said to be independently rich, and to a degree, independent of the usual exactions of business. It was Berryhill who fathered the proposal to change the form of government in Des Moines. He made a hard fight to get consideration of the scheme. He framed the charter which was finally adopted, gave his energy and time to obtain its adoption and put forth his best licks to get the men elected in the first campaign who should give the commission plan the highest credit throughout the country. He gave addresses in Massachusetts which have been influential in persuading at least two of the smaller communities to return to the town meeting form of government. After the commission proposition failed the first time in Kansas City, Kan., Mr. Berryhill went there and delivered speeches. He also spoke in Buffalo just before the voters decided last November to ask the legislature for permission to change the charter.

Settling a Traction Fight.

Des Moines, like so many other cities, has been worried with a traction problem. The commission for some time was divided on the question of policy to be taken in treating the question. Berryhill brought unanimity to the council. He prepared a form of grant which he presented to the commission at a "star chamber" session. A report of the meeting, published in an evening paper, after stating that such a secret meeting had been held, says: "Mr. Berryhill, who had been instrumental in the advocacy of the indeterminate franchise, and, it is believed, is the prime factor in causing Councilmen Ash and Hamery to recede from their stand against the indeterminate grant, spoke briefly on the street railway matter.

" 'One thing is sure,' he said, 'if the city gives an indeterminate grant every feature of the city's interest will be looked after carefully. Under any consideration, the city will profit by the unearned increment. By that I mean the natural increase in the value of the franchise by reason of the growth of population.' "

Playing in the Open.

It is Berryhill who brought the council to an agreed propaganda. It was Berryhill who prepared the form of grant to be presented to the railway company, and it was Berryhill—not the mayor or any other official—who gave the newspaper reporters the information as to the executive session.

Of course, the boss of Des Moines plays in the open. He is trusted and respected, and his advice means very much to the city officials and the newspapers. But is he any less the boss?

There is a place in municipalities, perhaps, for the honorable employment of "power behind the throne." The case of Berryhill in Des Moines ought to fire the ambition of those forceful characters who like politics and do not care for position themselves, but who would like to have the directing hand.

Yet even in the commission cities Diogenes, might only halt for a moment when he came to the local boss and pass on to continue his search for the honest man. If the benevolent-minded and patriotic Berryhill can find material for good, another boss can find material for evil. The Des Moines commission was empowered under the law to extend a franchise without calling for a referendum vote, though it could not grant one outright. A majority of three votes was all that was necessary to get a grant through the council. Think what a sinecure a boss of the dishonest type would have with a pliable council of five in his debt for political favors!

The commission government can support a boss. There is really no reason to believe it could not support a crooked one.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WORK THAT WARRANTS WORD

International Sunday School Lesson for March 6 Is, "Jesus the Healer." Matt. 8:2-17.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Three great stories, a startling declaration, and a divine principle comprise this week's Sunday school lesson, as set forth in the sixteen verses from Matthew's Gospel. The stories are of deeds that show the Great Teacher as the Great Doer; His actions vindicating His utterances; the Sermon on the Mount being practiced on the plain. They are deeds of healing, figuring forth the divine principle of the mission of the Vicarious Redeemer—"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." The proposition which startled the hearers of Jesus even more than it surprises us, concerned the entrance of the heathen into the Kingdom ahead of the children of the Promise.

While the thought of more than two myriad millions of people is concentrated on this particular passage in the Book of books there is some danger that the miracles of healing will be interpreted to stress unduly the importance of health. That is a tendency of the times. Good health is being apotheosized as the supreme good. But it is not. The glory of humanity is that it can think great thoughts and do great works despite the hindrance of physical infirmity. No doubt we should rejoice to see that the world is coming to see that the body, which is the Spirit's only tool, should be better cared for and not so shamefully misused. That is wholesome. None the less, the health faddist needs to be reminded occasionally that some of the lowest races of mankind have been the healthiest; and that mere bodily welfare is not a sufficient goal of existence. Good health is only a means to a worthier end.

The Modern Leper's Plight.

Every few weeks the newspapers announce that a certain ex-soldier of the United States is or is not a leper. He has been driven from pillar to post by the doctors and the authorities. Once he is pronounced free of taint; again he is declared to be incurably contaminated. Public interest in the man's case does not subside, because the western world is possessed of a deep, uniformed horror of the loathsome disease of leprosy. The healing of the leper by Jesus appeals to the popular imagination.

Having seen scores and hundreds of lepers, in all stages of the dread malady, I can understand why this should be popularly accepted as the best type of sin. Well do I recall the blazing day when I visited the leper asylum at Allahabad; and one poor fellow, whose hands had rotted off, leaving him only stumps of wrists, came up and pleaded for a bed on which to sleep. He had been lying on the ground and the white ants had bitten him; and he was unable to brush them off. The same day I saw a beautiful young Christian woman, who was making the most of her life-long exile by teaching the other women and children. Similarly, in Japan I had seen, in a Christian leper asylum—and there were no government asylums, quarantines or regulations in Japan for lepers until two or three years ago—a teacher who was spending what was left of his days in trying to kindle the lamp of learning and of faith in the breasts of his fellows.

The News From Molokai.

An enlargement of what Christianity is doing today for lepers in many parts of the East is as near as we can come to duplicating the miracle of Jesus. He cleansed the faith-filled leper, and sent him on his way rejoicing. That joy is beyond our power to appreciate.

The nearest approach to it in modern experience occurred recently at the leper asylum on the Island of Molokai, Hawaii. There the government physicians have been making an examination, and they reported that at least 50 of the exiles were untainted, and entitled to their liberty. The dispatches merely intimated the joy of the friends and families, and the excitement among the patients as yet unexamined; but it was reported that the men and women who had suddenly come upon freedom were fairly delirious with happiness. The picture which the cables thus outlined, like the one drawn in Matthew's Gospel, merely typifies the far greater joy of the person who has been suddenly delivered from the thralldom and doom of sin.

A Soldier Story.

Discouraging as the patient Teacher often found people, he yet occasionally had a heartening experience. One such was the case of the Roman centurion with the paralyzed servant. The man—a model employer; quite unlike an eminent educator known to me, who recently turned a servant adrift without notice or succor because the doctor had said she had the beginnings of an incurable disease—was deeply and personally concerned for his servant's welfare, and sought succor from the Saviour. Jesus promised to go and heal him.

Then came the electric shock of a great faith. The splendid soldier replied, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof. But speak the word only and my servant shall be healed. I know all about authority; I exercise it myself; and I know the lesser must obey the greater. My soldiers obey me; the unseen forces of the world obey you. Say the word and the healing will be wrought."

That episode overwhelmed Jesus. He was always prepared for the worst, and, lo, here He found the best. "He marveled." The experience came to Him like a draught from a tonic spring. He exclaimed, "Lo, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Then He proceeded to make a startling declaration, which the ears of His hearers were not fitted to comprehend.

When the Last Enters First

One of the paradoxical laws of the Kingdom as laid down by Jesus is that the last shall be first. Here He illustrated this, in poetical and dramatic fashion, "Many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven; but the sons of the Kingdom shall be cast forth into the outer darkness; there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth."

That phenomenon is being witnessed today. Deep students of the religious life of the time are gravely concerned over the fact that the older Christian nations, like Great Britain and America, seemed to be passed by in profound spiritual visitations such as have come in recent months to Korea, India and China. Something like the experiences of the Apostolic church have come upon these unsophisticated disciples. They are experiencing a veritable baptism of spiritual power, together with an overflowing joy and a success in witness-bearing that are without parallel in modern Christian history. It does seem as if the despised East is finding the fullness of the Kingdom ahead of us who had almost regarded it as our birthright. Plainly the message is written that the home churches are to receive new plenishings by way of the foreign field.

An Old Mother-in-Law Story.

The Bible contains two outstanding mother-in-law stories, and both are in striking contrast to those nowadays commonly circulated. One is the idyll of Ruth and Naomi, one of the immortal pieces of literature. The other is the one given in the present lesson, of Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever. Jesus "touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto them."

No cruel, heart-scorching jest about that. Here was a mother, loved by both daughter and daughter's husband. She had an honored and useful place in the home, and, as is the wont of mothers everywhere, she was foremost in helpful service. Her illness did more than interfere with the running of the simple household machinery; it put a sore burden upon the heart of the great apostle. So he led the Master to his home—a home, perhaps, where Jesus had often enjoyed the comforting ministries of the mother. Gladly did He heal her, and great was the rejoicing over the restoration. The mother showed her thankfulness, woman fashion, by ministering to the needs of her guests.

A Man Meeting His Mission.

An evening scene, rare and remarkable, is pictured in the next verse. It was the close of the Sabbath. Devout Jews were free to labor. Ceremonial restraints were laid aside for a week. So they came thronging to the home where Jesus sojourned, bringing to Him all the afflicted ones of the community. It was a sore tax upon one spiritually straitened at the close of a busy Sabbath. Yet Jesus failed them not. He never regarded Himself, but gave needy humanity first claim upon his powers. Therefore He "healed all that were sick."

That was His mission. He came to make up whatever was lacking in humanity. That He might serve men, He left heaven. He was not in the world to be comfortable or prosperous or free from weariness and pain. As the great Sharer of all the needs of man he lived and labored. Of Him the prophet had declared,—and multitudes have proved the word true —"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

Aeroplane Manufacturers in London.

London Chronicle.

A year ago the postoffice London directory contained for the first time among the list of trades "aeroplane manufacturer." There was only one then; now six are enumerated, a smaller number than might have been expected, considering the progress of aviation on this side of the channel. Subsidiary trades are springing up. Two firms announce themselves as aeroplane engine manufacturers, two as aeroplane fabric makers, and there is one propeller maker, as well as a provider of "aeroplane timber and bends." A rather curious contrast to the industry associated with the newest form of locomotion is provided by a builder of "rickshaws and push pushes," who, beginning business last year, is still in a position of splendid isolation in the London directory.

Varieties

London has 1,116 registered clubs.

There are about 26,800 worms to an acre of cultivated land.

It is estimated that 130,000,000 oysters are yearly shipped to Liverpool.

Canada's mileage of railways in operation increased last year by 1,138 miles.

Twenty million false teeth are sent to England from this country every year.

Neptune takes over 160 years to make one complete revolution round the sun.

The fur trade of the world makes use yearly of more than one million cat-skins.

In 54 cases out of every 100 the left leg is stronger than the right.

"Oblige," of all the words in the English language, is the one most frequently misspelled.

Major Alfred Dreyfus now spends his leisure hours in the study of the social problems.

Nearly 200,000,000 people in India are dependent on agriculture for their living.

Seven years ago there were 2,000 students in China, and in 1907 there were 175,352.

A great electric power generating station in Germany will make use of peat fuel entirely.

The use or waste of lumber in this country is ten times as great, per capita, as that of France.

Detroit people have organized a Jean Valjean club to furnish assistance to paroled prisoners.

In Wood Green, England, there is living a woman of 105 years of age who can read without glasses.

In the last ten years 325,000 people have emigrated from England and become Canadian farmers.

The word "pageant" originally signified the fixed or movable scaffold on which plays were presented.

During the last fiscal year 3,117,391 535 fishes and fish eggs were distributed by the bureau of fisheries.

A grape basket more than 16 feet long was made for exhibition in a recent parade at Westfield, N. Y.

Using electricity, Nome, Alaska, the most northerly town in America, is one of the best lighted in the world.

Bled eight feet from the ground a rubber-yielding tree of 15 inches diameter gives three pints of liquid.

Commercial travelers of Australia are allowed certain liberties in the way of exeption from import duties.

A 2,000-year-old oak tree stands near Dax, France, the branches of which will shelter 500 persons.

In the rural districts of England and Wales the death rate is about 23 per cent lower than in the urban districts.

The city of London corporation consists of the lord mayor, 25 other aldermen and 206 common councillors.

Twenty tons of ostrich feathers valued at more than $500,000, were recently carried by the Mauretania to New York.

The Southern Pacific railway of Mexico has now extended its line to Acoponeta, 95 miles south of Mazatlan.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals employs over 160 officers to detect and prevent cruelty.

The world's largest incubator is in Australia, where it is used to hatch 11,440 ducks' eggs or 14,040 hens' eggs at a time.

The Koh-i-noor diamond originally weighed 800 karats, but by successive cuttings has been reduced to 106 karats.

The indications are that at no distant date there will be more German students in America than American students in Germany.

Boys over 14 years of age and girls over 12 may marry in Scotland without the consent of parents or guardians.

Chicago made a new building record for itself in 1909, when the cost of buildings of all kinds erected made a grand total of $90,000,000.

Many tons of wool were ruined in northern China last August by heavy protracted rains, when there was no way of keeping the wool dry.

One of the western states has sent east as a sample of its agricultural possibilities, 19 apples, each weighing more than a pound.

A trolley car left the tracks in Nashville, Tenn., and struck a line of telephone poles, laying 60 of them flat before ceasing its activity.

During the first nine months of 1909 Tacoma shipped 104,586,596 feet of lumber, Portland, Ore., during the same months shipped 135,892,630 feet.

By means of a systematic warfare on the prairie dogs of the southwestern part of the United States, J. W. Halmon has killed 600,000 of these animals.

Notwithstanding the duty of 40 per cent a barrel, large quantities of apples from Oregon, Washington and other states are consumed in western Canada.

In the Swedish province of Smaland there is a hill 450 feet high, which consists entirely of iron ore. The area is figured to be 2,800,000 square feet.

The Ottoman government has a company of 14 French engineers surveying a railroad which is to connect Sana with Hodeiah, on the Red sea.

Professor Carrel, of the Rockefeller institute, is able to keep flesh alive for weeks in cold storage so as to be grafted and grown into and upon living animals.

Sanitary conditions in Berlin have improved in 30 years the average life of a citizen is now nine years longer than it was then. It is now 38.

In Ceylon the largest pearls are sold for never more than $300, but when they reach the great markets of the world they are worth more than three times this price.

Artificial nitrates are made extensively in Norway and sold in competition with the natural product of Chile. The annual production of nitrate of soda in Chile is 1,800,000 tons.

The largest type burglar-proof safe is built to withstand the gas "cutting burners" used so effectually by many crooks and revolves, when it is closed, by means of an electric motor.

In the seven years 1901 to 1908 China's postal service expanded remarkably. The postal routes now cover 88,000 miles and the postoffices number 3,493, as against 1,000 in 1901, an increase of 3,317.

The freight tunnels of Chicago will be used for a great telephone company to enter the field in competition with the present companies. The new company will start with 20,000 instruments.

The city of Wallsee, on the Danube in lower Austria, once famous and wealthy because of its millstone industry, has just seen its glory completely fade away through the closing of its last millstone concern.

Dr. Lepage,

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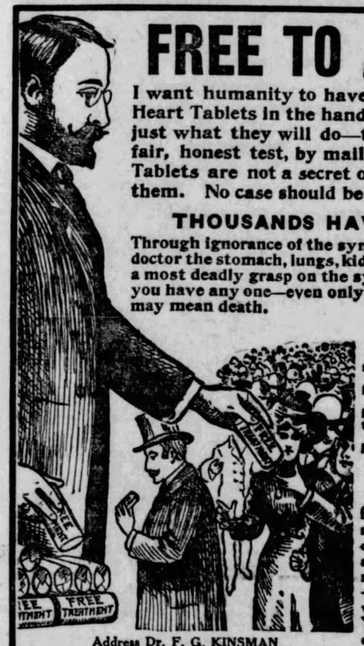

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Are your feet or hands cold?
Do you have dropsy or swelling of the feet or ankles (one of the surest signs)?
Are you subject to neuralgia around the heart?
Is it hard at times for you to breathe?
Is it painful to lie on your left side?

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2904—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with long or seven-eighths length sleeves. An excellent model developed in fine lawn, trimmed with insertion and tucks. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3209—Ladies' Low-Necked Waist. A pretty waist for evening wear developed in any desired shade of chiffon. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2139—Childs' One-Piece Dress, closed at centerback. This little model would look exceedingly well developed in serge or challis. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

3180—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse having removable shield, and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristband, and knickerbockers. Any material suitable for this model will develop well. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3004—Ladies' Skirt, with five-gored yoke upper part and flounce lower part. Panama cloth, cheviot or broadcloth, develop well in this style. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

3185—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. An attractive model is here shown, which will develop well in nun's veiling, voile, mull or satin. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2567—Ladies' Tucked Dressing Sack, with elbow sleeves. Flowered challia, cretonne or lawn develop well in this style. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2453—Childs' Petticoat and Drawers. The drawers with seams only at outside of leg. Muslin is mostly used for this model. 3 sizes—1 to 3 years.

3210—Ladies' Dress in semi-princess style, closing at front. This is an excellent model for pongee, foulard or any of the light weight materials for spring. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3205—Ladies' One-Piece Work Apron. Gingham is the best developed in this model. 4 sizes—32 to 44.

3187—Ladies' Shirt Waist. This waist with its frill is a most becoming model, developed in linen pongee, cross-barred cambric or dimity. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2808—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. The materials most adapted to this waist are linen, lawn, percale or taffeta. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3212—Childs' Dress, with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. Any light weight material or flannelette may be used for this little model. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2807—Girls' Dress. A neat school dress made of serge or cashmere. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2872—Misses' Nine-Gored Skirt. Broadcloth, ladies' cloth or cheviot develop well in this style. 8 sizes—15 to 17 years.

2816—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing at left side and having habit back. Venetian cloth, Henriette or serge are adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2558—Childs' Dress, with lay down or standing collar. Linen, calico or lawn will develop charmingly in this model. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2606—Ladies' Two-Piece Corset Cover—for flouncings or other goods. Any material suitable for this model will develop well. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2937—Misses' Shirt Waist Suit, consisting of a shirt waist having one-piece plain or regulation shirt sleeves, and an attached five-gored skirt. This is an excellent model, which will develop well in any material desired. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3202—Ladies' Russian Coat, in 32-inch length. This coat is adaptable to any of the season's coatings. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

Harper's Magazine.

Among the reports handed in to the Navy department recently was one recommending certain changes to be made in the uniform shirt for the enlisted man. As a matter of briefness it was headed:

"Commander-in-chief desires to change shirt."

CASHIER SPEAR FREE

Oberlin Bank Man Goes From Prison.

Washington, Feb. 28.—An echo of the financial operations of Cassie Chadwick five years ago, was heard today, when the President commuted, to expire immediately, the seven years' sentence imposed on Arthur B. Spear, the cashier of the Citizens National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, for making false entries. The prisoner has served all but four months of his sentence.

Spear certified according to the records that Cassie Chadwick had certain deposits in the bank when the facts were she did not have them. It was admitted during Spear's trial that the certification was made by direction of President Beckwith from which the cashier received no personal benefit. Beckwith having died before the trial of Spear the brunt of the affair fell on Spear, who was generally regarded as the tool of his superior officer.

A note bearing the forged signature of Andrew Carnegie in the possession of Mrs. Chadwick figured in the case. Mrs. Chadwick died in the penitentiary following her conviction resulting from the disclosures made.

INDICTS MILK TRUST

New York Grand Jury Takes Action.

New York, Feb. 24.—The so-called milk trust was indicted in New York yesterday. After a grand jury investigation extending over a period of weeks a blanket indictment was handed down in the criminal branch of the state supreme court naming 8 of the 17 directors of the Consolidated Milk Exchange, a New Jersey corporation, and charging that they met June 29, 1909, in New York and "conspired together and with others to fix the wholesale price of milk and did fix it at $1.41 for a 40-quart can of milk."

One year in prison or a fine of not more than $5,000, or both, is the penalty for each offense. Bench warrants were issued for the 8 directors. They are: Walter R. Comfort, president of the Robert Teid Ice Cream company, a director of the Aetna National bank, the Delavan Consolidated Milk company and several other corporations; Thomas O. Smith, of Thomas Smith & Sons; Frederick F. Seller, a milk dealer of Newark, N. J.; Daniel Bailey, a milk producer; John A. McBride, a milk dealer of Sussex, N. J.; Henry F. Huntemann, of the Standard Dairy company; James A. Howell, of the Howell-Demarest Dairy company; George Slaughter, of the R. F. Stevens Dairy company.

Nine other directors of the exchange escaped indictment, having earned immunity by testifying before the grand jury and before the state inquiry into the milk trade, which is still in progress.

Our War-Time Fare.

Harper's Monthly.

In his reminiscences of the days of Sherman's march to the sea, W. W. Lord, Jr., tells of the hardships to which people were reduced and the expedients used to obtain palatable food.

"In Winnsborough our family was among the more fortunate, for officers quartered at the rectory left behind them a bin half filled with husked Indian maize. As a means of softening this hard, yellow corn, so as to make it edible, we placed a barrel containing wood ashes upon a chair in the back yard, and bored a hole in the base of this barrel. From this hole there trickled into a bucket a strong solution of lye, produced by rain-water which was poured at intervals upon the top of the ashes, through which it filtered, gathering strength in its downward course. Steeped thoroughly in the lye-water thus obtained, the corn swelled and became, when cooked, a delicious and nutritious large-hominy, such as is served today in our best hotels. But not all of the inhabitants of Winnsborough had the good fortune to possess material which could be converted into such a healthful food. Many families brought up in luxury would gladly have devoured "the husks which the swine did eat," but they had neither the husks nor the swine, to say nothing of good hard yellow corn."

WINCHESTER

SMOKELESS POWDER SHOTGUN SHELLS

There are more "Leader" and "Repeater" loaded shells used than any other brand. Their superior shooting is the reason why. For pattern, penetration and uniformity they are unequalled. They hold all important records and trophies.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE RED W BRAND.

TRADE MARK REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE.

TRADE MARK REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE.

FINDS NEW YORK'S MANNERS WORST IN ALL THE WORLD

New York, Feb. 28.—Since F. Hopkinson Smith, the author, told the Southern Society, the other night, that New York is the worst mannered city in the world he has been in receipt of hundreds of letters of praise and confirmation.

"I am beginning to believe," he said yesterday, "that in making what I thought to be at the time a very casual and quite undisputed remark I really voiced a widespread dissatisfaction.

"People here not only ignore good manners, but they seem to violate them deliberately. Chicago is not thought an academy of the graces, but the trouble in Chicago is not boorishness, but hustle. People rush into you, brush by you, forget you in the peculiarly hurried life of that city, but there is not there the peculiarly piggish, cold, selfish brutality of bad manners that has grown up in New York. Chicago has a heart in the right place.

"In part, the blame here is on the masses of newly freed foreigners we have with us. These people have been caste at home, and when they come to this land of liberty, where there is no restraint on them, they take pains to show their liberty.

"But the fault does not end there. Our young men of what we call society are worse than the most boorish subway guard. Hundreds of dear young girls invited out have to go home in the care of a maid when the time for the German comes, because the men will not dance and the girls shrink from the humiliation of being thought wallflowers.

"Where are the men who should be waiting on them? Upstairs in the dressing rooms, smoking cigarettes and drinking brandy and soda, while they say, 'Aw, deah, we don't want to dawnce.'

"The miserable young cads! They know the girls can't dance alone.

"Let no one suppose that manners have no place in the world's business. Suppose King Edward were to open Parliament by shouldering his way into the House, kicking over a chair, pushing a Minister out of the way, and then, wth his knuckles on his hips, shouting: 'Now, fellers, here's the program.'"

JAP WAR? NONSENSE!

Secretary Knox Says It's Absurd.

Washington, Feb. 25.—"There is not the slightest likelihood of trouble with Japan any more than with any other country with which we have excellent relations of friendship."

This statement was made yesterday by Secretary Knox when shown copies of dispatches from Tokio indicating some considerable discussion of reported utterances of Mr. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, and of Gen. Bell, and referring to alleged anti-Japanese expressions in San Francisco. The secretary of state expressed great surprise that notice should be taken of such trifles. Secretary Knox also said:

"Mr. Shaw's speech was obviously nothing but an argument for ship subsidy, and what Gen. Bell said made no reference to trouble in the far east and was quite evidently an ordinary argument for increased appropriations for the army.

"As for the San Francisco report, everybody knows that our immigration arrangement with Japan is working entirely satisfactory. If, in spite of this, agitators will talk, no serious minded person should be disturbed."

SUPPOSED WIDOW OF GUITEAU LEAVES FORTUNE TO CHARITY

Denver, Colo., Feb. 25.—Leaving behind her a record of charities, which amounted to nearly $500,000 during her 31 years' residence here, Mrs. Mena Given, widow of John Given, wealthy pioneer of Cleveland, died here yesterday.

The death of Mrs. Given, who had come to be well known to many men most prominent in western public life because of her connection with many of the old time restaurants of Denver, clears one of the most remarkable mysteries which ever enveloped the life of a woman. Since 1881, when President Garfield was shot by Charles Jules Guiteau, it was understood throughout the west that Mrs. Given was the divorced wife of the assassin. She came to Colorado in 1879, immediately after the death in Cleveland of her husband.

When Garfield was murdered Mrs. Given was in Denver and from Leadville there emanated a news story relating that Guiteau's wife was living in Denver and the woman was Mrs. Given, said to have married and survived her second husband. Mrs. Given at first denied the story, but the identification seemed so complete that her denial was discredited.

The woman was pointed out to tourists as the widow of the President's assassin, and, eventually, she accepted the situation and refused to talk upon the subject further. When she died, however, papers were found among her personal effects which proved conclusively that she was not Guiteau's widow, and that the real Mrs. Guiteau had died eight years ago at Aspen, Colo., where she had lived since the assassination under a different name.

Mrs. Given came to Colorado with but a small share of the estate of John Given and the story that she was the wife of Guiteau made her rich, because of patronage it brought her restaurant here.

During her life here, the woman gave away an immense sum in small charities, yet there are papers now stored in a safe which will have to be blown open because she alone had the combination, which are said to represent $100,000 in stocks and bonds. As she had no known heirs, it is supposed her estate will revert to Cleveland heirs of John Given.

The Eternal Feminine.

Harper's Monthly.

Queen Elizabeth, in a characteristic rage, had proclaimed the doom of the courtier. "Off with his head!"

The culprit courtier was heard to mutter something to himself.

"What said the caitiff?" demanded Elizabeth.

"May it please your majesty," faltered one of the guards, "his words were: 'Pretty rough. It is becoming—'"

The Virgin Queen plumed herself; her eyes sought the mirror.

"Ha! Pretty ruff! Truly, the fellow hath good taste, and it were a pity— Let sentence be suspended. We have need of men of good judgment and sound discretion about us. I will hear further what he may have to say."

REMEDY FREE.

Health, Vigor, Happiness.

A trial treatment of a most wonderful remedy for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Despondency, Kidney and Bladder troubles, or any form of Physical Weakness, etc., is being mailed absolutely free of charge by the celebrated Professor Fowler. This remedy goes straight to the mark and the sufferer does not have to wait a lifetime before feeling and enjoying its curative effects. Indeed, the most amazing results have been produced with these trial packages alone. All the sufferer needs to do to get strong, vigorous and healthy, is to send his name and address to Professor Fowler and the medicine will be immediately forwarded to him in a perfectly plain package with nothing whatever to pay on it. Address: Prof. F. C. FOWLER, New London, Conn.

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The Old Established and Reliable Remedy.

For Debility, Weakness, Lack of Ambition and the usual troubles of men who have lived too rapid a life. The common sense way to treat any feeble part of the body is by direct application. Try Cacti Salve it is absolutely harmless and guaranteed. Price $1.00 a large box, 3 boxes $2.00. Trial box with interesting literature (booklet) by sealed mail 10c silver. A customer writes: "Had I known of Cacti Salve earlier I could have saved hundreds of dollars spent with quack doctors." Don't delay; remember, one application positively proves its value.

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CAPSULES.

The *tasteless, quick* and *thorough* cure for gonorrhoea, gleet, whites, etc. Easy to take, convenient to carry. Fifty years successful use. Price $1 at druggists, or by mail from The Tarrant Co., 164 Chambers st. New York.

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respond instantly to DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Permanent results assured—not temporary relief only. It overcomes that constant dread of dangerous falls and spasms. Consultation personal or by mail, valuable treatise and

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DR. KLINE INSTITUTE,
Branch 53, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEARTH OF LUMBER TO LAST YEARS

Forest Fires of Past Few Years Work Havoc Among Some Classes.

Washington, Feb. 1.—According to statistics gathered from districts of the United States and Canada which were devastated by the forest fires of the past few years, a dearth of lumber will be felt in America for at least a decade and probably longer. Its effect is already being felt in building and this fact, combined with the natural scarcity of wood, has resulted in the utilizing of such other materials as it is possible to secure for the building of homes and farm buildings.

Word comes from Cincinnati, Ohio, that there has been a tremendous increase in the use, during the past few months, of Reo Steel shingles, manufactured by the Edwards Manufacturing company.

In the course of the last six months thousands of farmers have investigated the roof question with a view to determining the feasibility of adopting the steel-roof idea. Also much farm interest is attached to the announcement of a national authority that steel shingles do not attract lightning.

Agricultural authorities in this city commend the guarantee bond against lightning issued by the Edward Manufacturing company, as set forth in their 1910 book, copies of which have been received in this city. The book is sent free upon request being sent by letter or postal to the Edwards Manufacturing Company, 129-159 Lock St., Cincinnati, O.

CANNON IS DESERTED

South Dakota Stands for Progress.

Huron, S. D., Feb. 25.—Following a wrangle lasting four hours, peace settled over the conference of the "Progressive" wing of the Republican party of South Dakota after midnight and R. O. Richards, of Huron, was made chairman of the campaign committee for the coming primary in June. Governor Vessey will be the Republican party leader on a platform which is the embodiment of the ideas of the leaders of both the Richards faction and the faction led by E. L. Senn, which opposed Richards. The platform says in part:

"We commend President Taft for his reiterated declarations of loyalty to the Roosevelt principles of progressive Republicanism and pledge his administration the support of the progressive Republicans of South Dakota in its effort to obtain the enactment of legislation embodying these principles.

"The dominating issue in the coming campaign is the wresting of control of National legislation from special interests entrenched behind Speaker Cannon of the house and Leader Aldrich of the senate and their supporters. It is not sufficient that Speaker Cannon be retired. It is essential that a successor be elected who is committed to and is a supporter of progressive principles. The progressive Republicans of South Dakota will not support a candidate for the primary who does not unequivocally stand on this platform."

"We believe the Payne tariff law was a decided step in fulfillment of the party pledge, but that inequalities yet exist which should be remedied when demonstrated to be such by the investigations of the tariff commission.

"We denounce the practice of collecting moneys for political campaign purposes from persons who hold or are aspiring to appointive government positions, and favor the prohibition thereof by amendment of the corrupt practice act.

"We favor the elimination of the 'personal spoils' systems by amendments to the primary law to provide how party nominations to all appointive government positions shall be determined.

"We favor the nomination of postmasters for presidential postoffices by popular party elections."

ASKS CHARITY, GETS HUSBAND

Cupid Gets Busy and Aids Missouri Widow.

Kansas City, Feb. 24.—Mrs. Mamie Morrison, a widow 59 years old, who applied to the juvenile court to find her a home, will not be an object of charity after all. Dan Cupid stepped in and is to provide her a home. After today the woman will be known as Mrs. George Linn.

The man who is to be her husband is 50 years old, and is able to provide her a comfortable home. Linn read the story of Mrs. Morrison's plight, and hurried to the detention home, determined that if the widow suited him he would offer himself along with a home for her. Linn had a struggle to get an audience. One hundred and fifty other philanthropists were there, ready to care for Mrs. Morrison. Linn arrived in a street car. Finally Mrs. Morrison sifted the applicants down to four, including Linn.

"I have a different offer to make," volunteered Linn, and then he whispered to the widow. They took a short walk. Returning Mrs. Morrison dismissed the three waiting applicants and blushingly announced that she had won a home of her own.

VILLAGES ENGULFED

Sixty Lives Are Lost in Ruined Idaho Mining Towns.

Spokane, Wash., Feb. 28.—Sixty lives have been lost, it is feared, in two great snowslides which have brought dismay to the mining towns of the rich Coeur d'Alene district in Northern Idaho.

At 10:35 o'clock last night a snowslide swept down the mountain, striking the little town of Mace and burying 25 houses and their sleeping occupants in a mass of snow and ice at the bottom of the canyon. At 5:30 a. m. today another slide rushed down on the town of Burke, crushing a score of houses under thousands of tons of earth and snow.

Fourteen bodies have been recovered already from the ruins of Mace, while 16 dead have been found at Burke. How many are still buried can only be guessed at. Fifty or 60 dead is regarded as a conservative estimate. Every man who could be spared from rescue work at Mace was sent to Burke and doctors were rushed to both places from Wallace on special trains. From the foot of the Anchor mine plant for about half a mile the slide is 30 feet deep.

When the alarm spread through the mining camp that Mace had been almost wiped out by a snowslide mothers, wives and children of the miners employed at the Hecla, Heroules, Anchor and Caretakers at the Old Tiger-Poorman mine began to seek places of safety. Wives and families of miners who had responded to appeals from Mace were unable to move and these may have been buried in the snow.

Because of the larger population of Burke, about 900, the houses were closer together. Mothers hauled their children to the side hills; brothers dragged their little sisters to places of safety, and when the slide struck many of the homes were deserted by fear-stricken women and children while the bread providers were rescuing injured at the stricken sister town.

Old-timers in the Couer d'Alene district have been sounding daily warnings to Mace, Burke and Blackbear that because of the record depth of the snow, slides were imminent. For sixteen winters these towns have escaped devastating slides and so strong was the confidence of the miner residents that their homes and families were safe that no precautions had been taken.

One thousand rescuers are now at work. Among the bodies recovered are those of I. H. Pascoe superintendent of the Standard mine; Eddie and Inez Pascoe; Mrs. George Fernwell Mrs. A. R. Leard, John Fennell, Mrs. Ed. Kettrell and two children.

Thompson, section foreman of the D. R. & M., buried under car in 10 feet of water in the river.

Thirty-five Italians, sleeping in an outfit car on the Northern Pacific siding, who were swept away with their car in the bottom of the canyon, used the tools in their car to dig themselves out.

Superintendent and Mrs. I. H. Pascoe, of the Standard mine, in which property a large majority of the male residents of Mace are employed, were asleep when their home was crushed like an egg-shell. Mr. Pascoe, two sons and a daughter were killed. His wife was only slightly injured.

WOOER 80 YEARS OLD FOOLED

Traveled 1,000 Miles to Find Fickle Affinity.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 28.—After a journey of 1,000 miles to find his affinity, Charles Glanman, a veteran of the civil war, who claims he is 80 years old, has started back to Marshalltown, Ia., a sadder and wiser man.

Glanman, who says he has been an inmate of a soldiers' home in Marshalltown for a number of years, decided he was not too old to wed. He advertised for a wife and got a letter from an Ithaca woman, urging him to come and see her. He scraped together all the money he could and bought a ticket. He had no money to buy food and when he reached here was famished.

The police took charge of him and sent him to a hotel.

Glanman refuses to give the name of his affinity, but says she will have none of him and he has made up his mind to go back to the home.

Cures Constipation Without Medicine

For the Benefit of Our Readers, We Are Pleased to Publish Prof. Midgley's Wonderful, Clean, Straight Talk, on How You Can Cure Constipation Without Pills or Medicine.

I can and do cure the worst cases of chronic constipation—cure them to stay cured, and restore the patient to a state of health and happiness such as they had never known before. I can cure constipation, no matter how bad it is. I can show you how to cure yourself right in your own home without the use of drugs. Constipation is cured for all time when cured my way

"You Simply Can't Cure Constipation with Pills, Powders or Potions. Force is Folly. I Tell You How to Cure Yourself Permanently at Home by the 'Midgley Way' Without Medicines."

Don't delay a moment. It matters not how many doctors have tinkered on your case, or how many pill propositions have discouraged you, my past record of success is sufficient to quickly prove that I can do what I claim. Fill out free coupon herewith and mail today.

Most Diseases Caused by Constipation, Sewage of the Brain.

"When there is a blocking-up in the bowels the poison is soaked up by the little capillaries on the inside lining of the bowels and all this poison is rushed right through the blood.

"It goes to the brain naturally, and to every part of the body, every organ being fed on this polluted blood, or sewerage. It goes to your face in the form of pimple poison and breaks out on the skin. It goes to your head and gives you headache and dizziness, it goes to your brain and makes you drowsy, it weakens the stomach and causes dyspepsia, and bad breath, it goes to the liver and causes biliousness, it goes to the kidneys and eventually gives rise to Bright's Disease, it goes to the heart and makes it thump, it goes to the eyes and they lose their lustre, it makes your nerves flabby and weak and out-o'-sorts, and this is the advance agent of all kinds of disease, which you couldn't get at all if there was pure, rich, red blood flowing in your veins and your whole body was in prime condition."

FREE COUPON

Fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to Prof. T. H. Midgley, 2732 Midgley Block, Kalamazoo, Mich., and by return mail he will send you free his 40-page illustrated book showing the simple way of curing constipation permanently without medicine. Write plainly.

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LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Safe, Sure, Quick Monthly Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No pain, no interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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ASTHMA

CURE sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1.00. If not, don't. Give express office. Write to-day. NATIONAL CHEMICAL CO., 631 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

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LADIES SEWING at home, making Shields. Material furnished. Steady employment. $12 hundred; stamped envelope particulars Dept. A-21 Wayne Supply Co. Detroit, Mich.

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PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a free trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 13, Marshall, Mich.

LADIES Our new "Protector" is safe and sure; price $1. Every woman wants one made of silk rubber. Fairbank Supply House, MM 60 Wabash, Chicago

FITS I have cured cases of 20 years' standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. E. PERRY, Dpls. Park Sta., Chicago, Ill.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

THE BIRD LADY, I shall always call her to myself whenever she comes into my mind. Somebody told me to go to visit this Bird Lady and see and hear what she is doing for the birds; so I went. She seemed glad to see me, and I know I was glad to see her, because she is a pleasant, as well as a Bird Lady.

The day I went to her home was so cold, the snow screeched under my feet, and the outdoor world that showed itself to me, looked very chilly, though, some way, there was a tinge in the blue of the sky that made me think, SPRING IS COMING, and that the weather was trying to say, "CHEER UP, THE WORST IS OVER."

Inside the Bird Lady's house it was all snug and cozy. She gave me a warm welcome and a rocking chair to sit in, while she sat at her open desk. She told me she was engaged with postcard club business, which struck me as being a pleasant diversion. It brings one in touch with people in many different parts of the country, and affords scenes of travel while you stay at home. This reads like an advertisement, but it is not.

I asked her what she had to do with birds, as the bird question had taken me to her house.

"Oh," she said, "I just feed them. It is about feeding time now, and the trees out in front are filled with birds. Perhaps you did not notice when you came along, but they gather here in great numbers every day when feeding time comes around. They act is if they could tell time. Just now there are only sparrows, but, you know, even sparrows get hungry, and they can't find much to eat with all this snow on the ground.

"In the summer, all kinds of birds come to see me, and there are some squirrels that come, too. The squirrels would be a regular bother if I would let them. They would run all over me and my house, if they had their way."

She showed me, through a window, a bird house she has in her back yard. It is modeled something like a church, and rests on top of a wooden post. There is a honeysuckle vine growing around and over it, and I could see just how pretty it would look in the summer, though the vine is brown and withered now, and seemed to shiver in the icy air.

Presently we went "up front" to see if the bread line of birds had formed. Sure enough, the hungry horde was there. The leafless limbs of the trees were thickly covered with eager, restless sparrows, and there was a great twittering and chattering going on among them.

"Well," said the Bird Lady, "you get behind the curtains of this window, and watch how they act when I feed them. They know me, but they might be afraid of you and not act."

She brought a pan filled with broken bits of food and went out to throw it to the birds, while I stood behind the curtains, hidden and a-watching. The minute the birds saw her, they descended upon the earth like a dark hail storm. Their table manners were not of the best. They snatched and grabbed and scrimmaged, in their eagerness to secure a morsel. This in possession, back they flew to the trees, where they fed at their leisure. The food vanished in a twinkling, and the Bird Lady came back to the house, carrying the emptied pan.

"They'll be around again for breakfast in the morning," she said, cheerily. "I keep a dish filled with water in the yard as soon as freezing weather is over," she went on. "The birds love it, and the cats and dogs come to drink from it. I have quite a menagerie around here sometimes. They're lots of company," she said. "I like to have them. Well, it won't be long now before the robins will be here."

"HINT O' SPRINGTIME," I thought. "IT'S IN THE AIR, EVEN IF THE WEATHER IS FREEZING."

"Come again," the Bird Lady invited when I went away.

"I shall," I made promise.

I'm glad I went to see the bird Lady, and that she let me watch her feed the sparrows.

TO BE EXPECTED SOON.
A Bird from Olive Thorne Miller's First Book of Birds.

I'VE HEARD the birds singing spring songs several mornings of late," a man who lives at the edge of the country said to me.

"Yes, it is cold out of doors, but through the window the sunshine has the glow of spring," said an observing young woman.

Spring hats are in the milliners' windows; spring silks are on the silk counters; spring flowers are at the high tide of beauty in the florists' shops; Easter lilies are abloom, and there is much discussion as to whether there will, or will not, be an early spring, all of which go to show that spring thoughts are occurring thick and fast, even if material proof of winter is still in our midst.

Today a man I know went out and bought a trowel so that it may be ready when digging time comes round.

At the tail end of winter, more than at any other time of the year, we throw our thoughts into the future and try to hurry spring along. In fancy we see swelling buds on the trees and green grass growing, and we draw in our minds the picture which spring paints every season. It never loses its beauty or fascination with repetition, and its every recurrence we greet with "welcome, little stranger," or words to that effect.

The other day I found a picture of a robin and made it my own. It was a life-size robin, tinted true to nature. The first one who saw it, after I had annexed it, declared he was going out to hunt a dandelion. I was not allowed to keep that picture for long. It is "somewhere around," but a man carried it off with the remark, "I want to show the boys the first robin."

That pictured robin was a cheerful visitor and acted like a tonic to eyes grown jaded with winter's bleak scenery.

The coming of the robins is really a big event of the year. You feel sort of tickled almost to pieces when you hear the first robin singing, because you know he is making a promise that is always fulfilled. Because the spring feeling is growing strong, I am writing this. And because you know that, sure as fate spring is coming soon, you are planning about spring cleaning and furbishing, outside and in, and you are thinking about gardens and spring planting, and the thousand and one things that go with the rejuvenation of the year. That is what I think you are thinking.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning, are taken from letters written to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

If we would try to help everyone out of his "sorry," I do think God would be proud of us all. What do you think?—Lucky Girl of Illinois.

MONDAY

I try to live for the happiness of my family and neighbors and to lend a helping hand to all I come in contact with.—Sunbeam from Indiana.

TUESDAY

If people do not appear to be as loving as we think they ought, what does it matter? Let us, in turn, be a little more friendly, and the first thing we know, there is peace and harmony all around us.—Becky of West Virginia.

WEDNESDAY

Be careful of flying sparks. Quench them with gentle words and loving ways.—E. B. R. of Michigan.

THURSDAY

If husband and wife would bear with each other and not say sharp things, there would be so much more happiness in the world.—G. L. Poole, of Ohio.

FRIDAY

I would say to you I have lived long enough to find out there are times in life when no human aid can satisfy. What a blessed thought that we have the one best judge and merciful Savior.—E. A. B. of Indiana.

SATURDAY

We would be so much happier if we would only have our hearts filled with love one toward another.—Becky of West Virginia.

50,000 people did not make much of a show. There were more than 1,000 automobiles, and only a few horses and buggies. The airships were wonderful and seemed like great birds. They would skim across the ground for a few rods, then rise gracefully, and then round and round they would go. Sometimes they were high in the air and sometimes they were just over our heads. They came down so quietly you almost expected them to close their wings like a bird.

Now a few words more about our land of sunshine. I am not a real estate man in disguise, but I think this is the only place to live, and I feel sorry for anyone who cannot come to California. Los Angeles is truly city of beautiful homes and friendly people, and aside from the climate, we have many other attractions of which I may tell you later. With kind wishes for all, from A. M. N., California.

SHE QUESTIONS

Frequently we hear of the ingratitude of children, and I have sometimes questioned whether we should expect gratitude from our children. I am the mother of four splendid children, and I do all the work incident to their daily needs. I am trying to train them for useful, beautiful lives. I do this for their individual good, and because it is good for me to be so employed.

It has always been my firm conviction that children are what parents make them, both before and after birth, and if parents do the right thing by their children, they will have no cause to complain about ingratitude. Is it not possible that we may make mistakes, even though we have done the best we knew? Habit is a powerful factor in the building of character and children should be taught by practice as well as precept to think of other people's happiness and comfort. If this is done, they will not be apt to forget mother when her days of usefulness are past. I would like to know what some of the others think regarding this subject.—N. S. C., Ohio.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Thank you for all the nice letters, pleasant messages and post cards I have received since last we met.—Elizabeth.

What's doing with you people on the farms these days?

The first thing we know, it will be March and the winds will be blowing out the winter and blowing in the spring.

Letters recently received for the C. C. are from Ruby, Sweetness, Oregon, M. E. S., Aunt Martha and Queer.

WHY GRANDMA FAILED

Katherine's grandmother generally brought her a piece of candy or a nut when she returned from a party. Once, however, she forgot, and Katherine, never thinking she could be forgotten, asked, "Wasn't there anything loose, grandma?"—The Delineator.

ALL IN A GARDEN GROWING

SPRING flowers are abloom in the florists' shops, seed catalogues are in the mail, and thoughts of flower gardens are in the air. The "home folks" magazines are devoting space to garden making, and there'll be "things doing," as soon as the frost gets out of the ground. Sweet peas and nasturtiums are the first flowers to be planted, and the way this should be done is told by Grace Tabor in The Woman's Home Companion for March. She says:

Sweet peas—Lathyrus odoratus is the family name—like soil that is deep and rich. A loam with plenty of well-rotted manure turned into it is the choice, yet do not over-enrich, else the vines will grow at the expense of the blossoms. Heavy clay soils should be prepared the autumn before by working deep and dressing with air-slaked lime or hardwood ashes; very light soils should be well firmed by treading before the seed goes in. The location of the rows should be in full sunlight and air, on every side; have them run north and south to assure this.

Work the ground as soon as the conditions permit and sow the black-seeded varieties as early as possible, but wait until the earth is warm and dry before putting in the white-seeded kinds, as these seem to be affected by cold and damp, and are liable to rot if sown too early. Climate and the weather of a particular season must determine just when seeding is to be done, of course.

Make a trench six inches deep and half as broad when all is ready for the planting, and sow the seed rather thickly upon the bottom. Cover with an inch of earth and firm it down well; when the seedlings appear, thin out at once until they stand two inches apart. Fill the trench when they are 10 to 12 inches high, but not sooner. Stake them at the time of sowing to avoid disturbing the earth at their roots later. Wire netting on six-foot stakes is the usual thing, but personally I prefer branches, through and on which the vines can clamber in more pleasing abandon. A hedge growing thus is glorious all summer if the blossoms are cut daily.

Water thoroughly and often in dry spells, give liquid manure once a week, and cover the roots with a mulch of lawn rakings or hay. Do not grow them year after year in the same spot, or, if you must, remove the soil to the depth and width of a foot and replace with new every two years. Get the finest seeds for the finest flowers, and group in color masses, rather than mixing them. The double-flowered forms are not considered as fine as the great single blossoms and are repudiated by connoisseurs because not typical.

Regarding the cheerful-looking nasturtiums is this:

Of nasturtiums there are dwarf and climbing varieites, to suit all situations, with flowers practically alike. Any ordinary well-drained soil will support them perfectly, even though it is decidedly thin. In fact, they blossom better in such earth than in very rich, for in the latter they run to leaf and are apt to rot off in wet weather, in their own dense shade, especially if at all crowded.

Sow as early as the ground is ready. The dwarf or Tom Thumb division will be in bloom in two months, insects will leave them alone—aphids colonize unpleasantly on the climbers sometimes—and they will still be blossoming when frost comes if picked freely. This is true of most annuals, in fact; liberal picking induces generous flowering, for they go on, industriously bent on producing seed, until allowed to do so.

A wild flower garden is always beautiful, and for those who live in or near the country it is easy to have. In the same garden article from which the hints for sweet peas and nasturtiums is taken is the story of My Wild Flower Garden, written by Elizabeth Becker. "It began," she says, "as do many of our successes, in what seemed a misfortune. The limited space I had for flowers was nearly all on the north side of the house, quite shaded by a row of beautiful trees which divided our lawn from that of a neighbor. It was so shady, no grass would grow between the trees and it looked so woodsy that it needed only the wild flowers to complete the picture.

"You may begin your garden at any time. Many of the flowers will do quite as well if planted in the summer or fall with a little special attention in the way of watering. Some of them would do better in a less shaded location than I had. Ferns do the best if transplanted in June, but I got mine any time I could and with a few exceptions they flourished. Observe the soil and location in which they are found and then try to follow Nature as closely as circumstances permit. Of course the ideal soil would be leaf-mold from the woods. If you can get it, by all means do so. If not, perhaps you can get a basket of it to mix with the ordinary garden soil. Almost any common soil, if well loosened up occasionally and freely watered, will be found to do reasonably well.

"When setting out on a flower-hunting expedition, provide yourself with a basket, a trowel and some newspapers. When you find the plant you want (and I beg of you not to dig up and destroy plants you do not really want), carefully dig it up with plenty of ground so as to disturb the roots as little as possible and wrap it closely in paper. Evening is the preferable time for planting. Then water well and the next day shade them from the direct rays of the sun, and they will soon be quite settled in their new quarters."

These hints will apply if you wish to start a wild flower garden in the coming spring, and if you do not wish to have a miscellaneous collection, there is nothing more beautiful than a "corner in ferns."

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I notice a warm, welcoming hand is extended to both old and new members of the M. G. R. circle, so I will come as a new one and try to obey the motto and objects, which are good as the Golden Rule.

This is the 19th of February, and the ground is covered with a blanket of 16 inches of white, sparkling snow; the greatest snowfall for more than half a century.

The village I live in is just simply a little prosperous place of some 1,400 people. It overlooks the Stillwater river, with its beautiful cascades, lovely glens and numerous springs bursting from the hillsides.

Do you know, friends, we do not look on the bright side of life often enough? Let us cast away the dark shadows on life's dial, and turn our face to the smiling side of life. Carry a smile on your face; it will help you and others to forget the little troubles. It will brighten the dull spots of your life, for the world loves a man with a sunny smile and a glad welcome.

I will close for this time, but perhaps some day I may dream again.—Village Dreamer, Ohio.

There is nothing more instructive or interesting than to read the many letters in the M. G. R. column of our page. Some descriptive of scenery in different localities; others of the climate and vegetation; and still others give their views of the important events of the day. Each one is instructive in its own way, and all together give a variety of reading hard to surpass. Gadabout's letter was a gem.

My home is near one of the many beautiful streams of Sunny Virginia. The immediate hills and surrounding country are very picturesque. We have some natural curiosities, also. Among these is a house of solid limestone rock formation, several feet in dimension, or about the size of a small one-room cottage. A large opening on the south side serves as a door. The interior has a smooth floor of earth and a rude fireplace opposite the door, also a large flat rock in one corner of the room that reminds one of a bed. To the right of the door as you enter is a rough stairway that can be ascended several steps.

It is said that this house was used as a hiding place by deserters during the civil war, and the rude fireplace still shows traces of ashes. It must have been a safe refuge, as it is in an out-of-the-way place, and at that time was surrounded by a dense forest.

I could not help but admire M. Kent's high-spirted way of defending what he believes to be right.

And last, but not least: What has become of the girl from Oklahoma who wrote such cheery letters? I have forgotten her nom de plume.

As I am a "newcomer" I will make my exit, and leave room for some of the older members of the M. G. R. circle. If admitted, perhaps I will come again and tell you more of myself and country.—Snowbird of Virginia.

I have been a reader of The Blade for more than six years and have learned to love its every cause. I have never seen a letter from anyone in this part of the country, so I thought I would "cut loose" and write a few jots, as I think we have a most beautiful country, and generally speaking, our people are very enterprising.

Partalet, New Mexico, is the county seat of Roosevelt county, in which I live, and I think it bears a very honorable name. Our town is populated with about 2,800 people. It is situated 90 miles north of Roswell, on the Santa Fe railroad, in a valley called the Partalet valley. The town has four churches, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and a Catholic church. It has one school building and one of the greatest irrigation projects there is in New Mexico is under construction. Another grand thing is we have a dry town, which makes us rank high above all other towns where there is not prohibition. I have been in New Mexico more than two years. I went from Tennessee about five years ago to Oklahoma, and from there I came here.

As I see so many of the boys and girls seeking for admission I deem it time that I should end my letter and give someone else a chance to write, as I so much love to read the letters. I will sign my name as I have been, and hope to be—A Club Raiser, New Mexico.

I have been a reader of the M. G. R. for a number of years, but have never had the "nerve" to ask for admittance before. Brown Eyes from Ohio, wrote about raising onions. I wish she would come up here in Michigan and give me a few pointers, as I believe I have some fine land for that purpose, and besides, she could give me some "culture" in cooking. I very seldom get a meal without burning my fingers.

Nellie D. Hills of Greenville, Michigan, I had a cousin there for a long time. He was an operator on the railroad. What has become of New England Girl, and a number of our members from whom I do not see letters so often as I did a few years ago. Michigan Bach, where are you? I am in your state, so you see you are not alone.

Now I will give a little description of myself. I am a sort of a large man, weighing 200 pounds, have brown hair and blue eyes. I guess I have said enough for this time, but I will come again and give a description of where I live and of some of my travels through the west.—Michigan Bach, No. 2.

P. S.—Many thanks for some of the valuable recipes in The Blade. They help me out a whole lot.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Good day, to you! I hope it is a pleasant day to you.—Elizabeth.

The Man Behind the Desk Up in York State, please send me your address.

Letters lately received are from M. E. Shout, A School Girl, Meddlesome Mattie, A Girl From America, Lottie, Ionabelle, A Braxton Girl and Kate H. Fuller.

The Merry Widow—You have my sympathy, but you are sure to come through all right. Write again when you can. We shall not forget you.—Elizabeth.

Any time you see or hear anything that makes you laugh pass it on. Pass it on to the M. G. R., if you can. Everyone likes fun.

SOME POINTERS

When the March winds blow, don't grumble. They are blowing out the winter and blowing in the spring.

One man is as good as another if he is honest and true, no matter how much money he may happen to have.

My mother says. "I do not believe in people having their heads in the clouds, looking for something, they do not know what, and would not know what to do with when they get it, and neglecting the fields of diamonds right around them."

For yourself, you can make those you know, as good or as bad as you want to picture them in your mind. The finer the picture, the better it is for all concerned.

You can always see, or hear, that for which you are looking and listening.

The way to get along with the weather, is to refuse to notice it when it is bad, and to rejoice and be glad when it is pleasant.

Whatever you pride yourself on being or doing, that is the thing you are going to stub your toes against. Moral: Don't get prideful.

A smile attracts; a frown drives away.

When some one does you a favor, regard it as a free gift, not as an obligation.

Home is the place of all places, where good manners should be practiced.

Never get too busy to be courteous. Courtesy means kindness.—Elizabeth.

FOREIGN WORDS

It will do no harm to know the meaning of the following foreign words as they appear frequently in cook books and on menu cards.

Cafe, coffee. Demitasse, after-dinner cup of coffee. Frappe, half frozen. Fricassee, stew. Fromage, cheese. Glace, frozen. Cafe au lait, coffee with milk. Neufchael, a soft Swiss cheese. Parmesan, an Italian cheese. Timbale, pie crust baked in mold. Croutons, bread toasted in squares and used for soup in garnishing. Bouillon, a clear broth, usually of beef. Au gratin, baked dishes prepared with cheese. Menu, bill of fare. Puree, ingredients rubbed through a sieve, usually the name given a thick, strained soup. Tutti Frutti, various kinds of chopped fruit. Consomme, clear soup. Jus, gravy or juice of meats.

FROM THE CHILDREN

I live in Bethlehem, New Hampshire and am a little girl 10 years old. I go to school; I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Whalen. My school begins at 9 and lets out at four. I have for pets a cat and a horse. The cat's name is Nigger. The horse's name is Lady. My father is the professional on the Bethlehem Country club links. My grandfather and grandmother live in Lisbon, New Hampshire, and have many animals. I like to go to see them very much. There is a little boy here who has a pet hen. He takes it in a cart and wheels it all around. It is good sleighing here in winter, and Mount Washington is lovely.—Your friend, Myrtle Comnery.

Dear Friends: I am a girl at the age of 13 years. I am the youngest in the family. I have two sisters and four brothers. My home is on a farm in the country. I go to school every day and am in the eighth grade. The farm on which I live contains 80 acres. We keep seven cows, four horses, and a flock of chickens.

I must tell you about my canary bird. He is a wild one. I caught him last October. After I had him a few days I started to tame him, and now he is very tame and sings very sweetly. I guess my letter is long enough, so goodbye, friends.—Babe of Wisconsin.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I never had a very good chance to go to school. We live a mile and a half from the school house. We have no summer school. I study spelling, reading, arithmetic, history, geography and writing. I like to go to school. I always try to mind my teacher's rules. I never had to stand on the floor, and I never had a whipping at school. My mamma is not very strong, but she always taught me to be a good boy.—Artie Bishop, West Virginia.

I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school at Shop Spring. I live a mile and a half from school. I am in the third grade. My papa took the Toledo Blade two years ago. I am over at my Uncle Horace Thompson's. He has gone to get me a little snow-white pup. Yours truly—Alline Bass, Tennessee.

I was eight years old on Washington's birthday. I am a little girl and have been sick nearly all winter. I go to school when I am able. I have a mile and a half to go but I ride with my papa. I am glad to go. Papa is my teacher. We live in dear old Indiana on a farm of 40 acres, and we have a very beautiful home. I have for pets a little dog named Fairy, and two kitties named Fluffy and Fuzzy, and a dear old white horse that takes us to school. Her name is Kate. I have one brother and one sister away from home, going to high school. I am so lonesome without them, for I love them so much. Papa has taken the Blade for more years than I am old. We all like to read it. Love and best wishes to all.—Ada Glee Spitler, Indiana.

"LET THE MAN."

Little Helen is fond of study, with the exception of arithmetic. She announced one day that when she grew up she wanted to be as smart as her mother, therefore she was going to study very hard.

"How about studying arithmetic?" one of the family inquired.

"What's the use?" Helen returned. "I'm going to get married and be a housewife. Let the man do the figuring."

POETS' CORNER

MY OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME

Author Unknown.

Far away on the hills of old New Hampshire,
Many years ago we parted, Ruth and I;
By the stream where we wandered in the gloaming,
It was there I kissed my love a sad good-bye.
She clung to me and trembled when I told her,
And pleadingly she begged of me to stay;
We parted, and I left her broken-hearted,
In that old New Hampshire village, far away.

CHORUS.

Now the sunbeams linger o'er, and the roses bloom as fair,
In the wildwood where together we would roam;
In the village churchyard near, sleeps the one I loved so dear,
On the hills of my old New Hampshire home.

In my dreams, by the stream last night I wandered,
And I thought my love was standing by my side;
Once again then I told her that I loved her,
Once again she promised she would be my bride.
And as I turned to kiss her I awakened,
I called her but she was not there to hear,
My heart lies buried with her 'neath the willow,
In my old New Hampshire home I loved so dear.

"LITTLE LAMBS"

Author Unknown.

Little lambs, so white and fair,
Are the Shepherd's constant care;
Now he leads their tender feet
Into pastures green and sweet;
Now they listen and obey;
Jesus, may we learn to be,
Thus obedient unto Thee.

Little lambs so pure and white,
Gather in their fold at night,
So when death comes, dark and cold,
Jesus take us to thy fold;
May Thy strong and loving arms
Shields us in those last alarms;
Sweet and quiet be our sleep,
O Thou Shepherd of the sheep.

CHORUS.

Little lambs so white and fair,
Are the Shepherd's constant care;
Now He leads their tender feet,
Into pastures green and sweet.

NELLY GRAY

Author Unknown.

There's a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

CHORUS.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining, too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in the little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors say;
The white man has bound her with his chain;
They have taken her to Georgia, there to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes they shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way,
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I am coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

REMEMBER THE DAYS

By F. B. Linderman, author of The Man Behind the Pick.

Remember the days when the hours were long,
When the birds in the woods were full of song,
When the path to the stream was lined with flowers,
When the days seemed years and minutes hours?

Remember, old chum, how with spirits gay,
On the island as Indians we used to play;
How we made long spears from a pithy reed
That grew on the banks; 'twas a nettle-weed?

How we'd daub our faces with clay from the beach
Ere we silently waded the channel to teach
A hostile tribe, whose warriors we knew
Were hidden away where the tall ferns grew.

A lesson to last in the bitter feud;
How the partridge clucked to her scattered brood,
As we crept on their camp with a doubting dread,
While the red-heads were hammering on limbs overhead?

How the catbird and jay would jabber and scold,
As we followed our leader, so fearless and bold,
How we'd follow on knees that were scratched by the vines,
Ever watching the chieftain's notions and signs?

How we'd break with a yell; how weapons would fly;
How the wounded warriors would moan and cry;
How the welling tears were quickly dried;
How the sorest pain we'd strive to hide?

At the cry of "Baby" or "Mamma's Pet,"
Does the taunting jeer live with you yet?
You'd flinch today at the cry, I know,
If voiced by friend or mortal foe.

Remember how, in the days of yore,
We crawled along on the muddy shore;
Or drifted on rafts, where the banks were steep,
The wily turtle to catch asleep?

How we climbed for nests of birds in the wood
And builded huts where the hickories stood?
Do you dream sometimes of the sport we had
When the sun shone bright and the days were glad?

Do you wonder, and in wonder start,
To think we're now so far apart;
That the days are gone and gone for good,
As are our huts where the hickories stood?

POEMS REQUESTED

The old-time favorite, Larboard Watch, is asked for.

The poem in which the following line frequently appears is wanted:

When you meet a fellow, say "Hello!"

The poem, John Pinchback, is asked for. It begins:

John Pinchback lived on Murray Hill.

An old song called The Love That Proved In Vain, is wanted. The first line is:

I once fell in love with a fair young lady.

The verses which begin something like this are asked for:

As lonely I strayed by the wild seashore.

We have a country and a flag that waves aloft on high, is a line of a song asked for.

NOT AFRAID OF SLIPPING

Michael Dugan, a journeyman plumber, was sent by his employer to the Hightower mansion to repair a gas leak in the drawing room. When the butler admitted him he said to Dugan:

"You are requested to be careful of the floors. They have just been polished."

"They's no danger iv me slippin' on thim," replied Dugan. "I hov spikes in me shoes."—Lippincott's.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

IN TEXAS

I have received so much mail from subscribers of The Blade in reference to my letter of January 6, that it is impossible for me to answer it personally, so I will write a general letter in order to answer some of the questions I have been asked.

My native state is Ohio, but I have lived in several different states, including the territory of New Mexico. This climate is generally mild in winter, the present winter being the most severe one in a long time. We have some hot winds in summer, but the nights are cool and pleasant. The altitude is 4,000 feet. It is considered healthy, but, while it agrees with some, with others it does not. We have high winds, especially in the fall and spring, and we have sand storms.

The life of a cowboy is not an easy one. Their bed is a piece of canvas called tarp, about 17 feet long. This they spread down on the open prairie and fold back. The bed clothes are between. Their own clothing they put under their head. Some sleep with their hats on, while others put their heads under the tarp. One of the boys of our acquaintance awakened one morning to find a rattlesnake curled up beside him. He did not have to be called. There are months at a time that the cowboys never eat or sleep inside of a house. The more severe the weather the more they have to ride. The force is cut down in winter. Sometimes two or three have a small tent in a large pasture and each one is supposed to cook. Of course at the ranch house they have a regular cook, also with the chuck wagon. Those I have seen have been Mexicans.

We do not have much rain. One or two asked about work. It is very scarce, in fact there is nothing to do. Of course I am speaking of the country around here; I do not know much about the central or eastern part of Texas.—Eva Penland.

AN ENTHUSIAST

I so enjoy the letters about farm life, for it seems to me that is the happiest life of all. While I have always lived in a city, I wish I could try farm life. I know there is hard work but that does not scare me, and I really think if our farmer sisters grow old faster than those in the city, it is a good deal their own fault. When I lived in Indiana, one of my neighbors was so surprised because I always "dressed up" as she called it, in the afternoon. She said they always kept on their wrappers or home dresses in the country, all day, unless they were going to town, or somewhere.

Now I must speak of life in this glorious part of our country. I am a California enthusiast, so of course I think this almost a perfect place to live. It is true I miss the grand forests and rivers of Indiana, but we miss also the ice, snow and disagreeable, muddy weather that they have there. We attended the aviation meet, held at the old Dominguez ranch, about 10 miles south of Los Angeles. There are 15,000 acres in this ranch, and the immense crowd of more than

GOOD RECIPES

The Straw Test.

With a broom-straw pierce your cake
When you think it's done enough.
If the straw gets sticky rough,
You must longer bake.
If it comes out clean and neat,
Then the cake is fit to eat.
—The Delineator.

To our Household members we say "thank you" for the following recipes. They are surely good, because they come from Home Folks.

Best Fried Cakes—One and a half cups powdered sugar; six tablespoons melted butter; two eggs; one and a half cups sweet milk; one tablespoon lemon juice; four teaspoons baking powder. Sufficient flour to roll out. Six and a half good cups are about right. If milk is very rich, use five tablespoons of butter. Skim milk is best. Season with one-half teaspoon of salt. —Mrs. J. B. C., Toledo.

Jam Cake—One cup sugar; three-fourths cup butter; three eggs; two cups flour; one cup blackberry jam; one-half nutmeg grated; one teaspoonful cloves, ground; teaspoonful soda in three tablespoonfuls sour milk; beat the whites of eggs separately, add jam and whites of eggs last; stir slightly.

Spice Cake—Four eggs; leave out the whites of two; two cups brown sugar; one-half cup melted butter; one-half cup sour milk; one teaspoon soda; two teaspoons of cinnamon; one and one-half teaspoon cloves; one-half nutmeg; two cups flour; dissolve soda in sour milk; bake in two layers; ice between.

Good Ginger Bread—One-half cup sugar; one cup molasses; one-half cup butter; one teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and cloves; two teaspoonfuls soda, dissolved in one cup boiling water; three cups flour; add two well beaten eggs the last thing.—Mrs. C. E. Deem, Pennsylvania.

Suet Pudding—Chop or grind one cup raisins and one cup suet. Add two cups sweet milk, one cup sugar, four cups flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls soda and a little salt. Cover tight and steam two hours. Leave room to swell. Serve with liquid sauce.

Popovers—One egg, one cup sweet milk, one cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder and a little salt. Bake 20 minutes.

Oatmeal Cookies—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one scant cup shortening, four tablespoons sweet milk or water, one-half teaspoon salt; one teaspoon soda, one and a half teaspoons cinnamon, a quarter package raisins, two cups oatmeal, two cups flour. Put in pan with spoon and flatten a little.

Cookies—One egg, one and a half cups sugar, one cup shortening, two-thirds cup milk, one teaspoon soda. Season with nutmeg. Thicken with sufficient flour to roll out.

Drop Cakes—One cup sugar, one cup molasses, three-fourths cup of shortening, three eggs, one-half cup water, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger.—We are sorry to have lost the name of the one who sent these.

Use your brains when cooking; daintiness in serving, and the plainest food will be palatable and appetizing.

CONVINCING PROOF

OF THE VIRTUE OF

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

What is the use of procrastinating in the face of such evidence as the following letters represent? If you are a sick woman or know one who is, what sensible reason have you for not giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? For 30 years we have been publishing such testimonial letters as these—thousands of them—they are genuine and honest, too, every one of them.

Mrs. S. J. Barber says:

"I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine in the world for women—and I feel it my duty to let others know the good it has done for me. Three years ago I had a tumor which the doctor said would have to be removed by an operation or I could not live more than a year, or two, at most. I wrote Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice, and took 14 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today the tumor is gone and I am a perfectly well woman. I hope my testimonial will be of benefit to others." — Mrs. S. J. Barber, Scott, N. Y.

Mrs. George May says:

"No one knows what I have suffered from female troubles, neuralgia pains, and backache. My doctor said he could not give me anything to cure it. Through the advice of a friend I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the pain soon disappeared. I continued its use and am now in perfect health. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a God-send to me as I believe I should have been in my grave if it had not been for Mrs. Pinkham's advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." —Mrs. George May, 86 4th Ave., Paterson, N. J.

Mrs. E. F. Hayes says:

"I was under the doctor's treatment for a fibroid tumor. I suffered with pain, soreness, bloating, and could not walk or stand on my feet any length of time. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, followed her directions and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. To-day I am a well woman, the tumor was expelled and my whole system strengthened. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female troubles to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. E. F. Hayes, 1890 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. W. K. Housh says:

"I have been completely cured of a severe female trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and want to recommend it to all suffering women." —Mrs. W. K. Housh, 7 Eastview Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, etc.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

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you want to know you are getting the best for your money

CORNISH

When you buy a "CORNISH" you get full piano value — nothing added for the protection of dealers.

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Cornish Pianos, for real merit, are unexcelled by any other, whatever the price, or name, or reputation.

Must prove their superior value over all others by home tests or we pay the freight both ways. We will place a piano in your home, freight paid if you wish, at rock-bottom factory price, upon terms of your own choice, giving you 1 year to test the instrument before you need decide to keep it and we give you a Bond of Indemnity which holds us to this offer and also insures instrument against defect for 25 years

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This is just a little ad—but a postal will bring my Big Book—and give you my $50.00 Saving Price and Special Proposition. You can save as much answering this little advertisement as if it covered a page.

My Spreader positively will do better work and last longer than any Spreader made—no matter what the price—so why pay $50 more? 40,000 farmers have stamped their O. K. on my spreader and money-saving price. My Special Proposition will interest you. Just a postal addressed to Galloway at Waterloo, Iowa, will bring you everything postpaid.

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Will You Pay a Penny For The Postal and Save $50.00? Address Wm. Galloway, Pres. WM. GALLOWAY CO. 1679 Galloway Sta. Waterloo, Ia.

Try This Free!

For CATARRH COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, GRIPPE, WEAK LUNGS, HEADACHE, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS,

No doping; no big monthly fees. A scientific, hygienic treatment which has cured thousands of men and women after all else failed (Send for convincing testimonials). Clay's Medicator is not to be compared with ordinary inhalers, douches and atomizers Medicated air is blown (not inhaled) direct to seat of trouble in head, throat, lungs; 40 per cent more effective than any similar treatment. Quickly kills germs, heals and soothes inflamed membrane, stops mucus discharges, sweetens bad breath, restores lost taste and smell, and lasts a lifetime. Surest, promptest, cheapest cure! Because Clay's Medicator (pocket size) does all that's claimed, we gladly send it to you, with 3 month's treatment, on FREE TRIAL. If not entirely satisfied, return Medicator and it costs you not one cent! Write today! CLAY SALES AGENCY, 414 146 State st. Chicago.

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Cured by the Marvel of the Century, the Obbac System

Drives out blood poison in any stage permanently, without deadly mercury, or iodide of potash, but with purely vegetable, safe ingredients. To prove it we will send you a

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and other drug habits are positively cured by HABITINE. Not by substitution or criminal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue Free by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00

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You can buy fertile farms with timber, fruit and water for $10.00 per acre and up. Splendid country for fruit growing, dairying, stock raising and general farming. Fine climate, good markets, good neighbors. Full information and valuable booklet upon request. Write for it now.

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Diamond Joe's Big White—A strictly new variety. None like it. It is the Earliest and Best Big White Corn in the World—Because it was bred for most Big Bushels, not fancy show points; because grown from thoroughbred inherited stock; every stalk bears one or more good ears, because scientifically handled, thoroughly dried and properly cured and had the most rigid examination. Big Seed Catalog FREE. It tells about all best farm, grass, garden and flower seeds grown. Write for it today.

Address, RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS WONDER WORKING STOMACH REMEDY FREE?

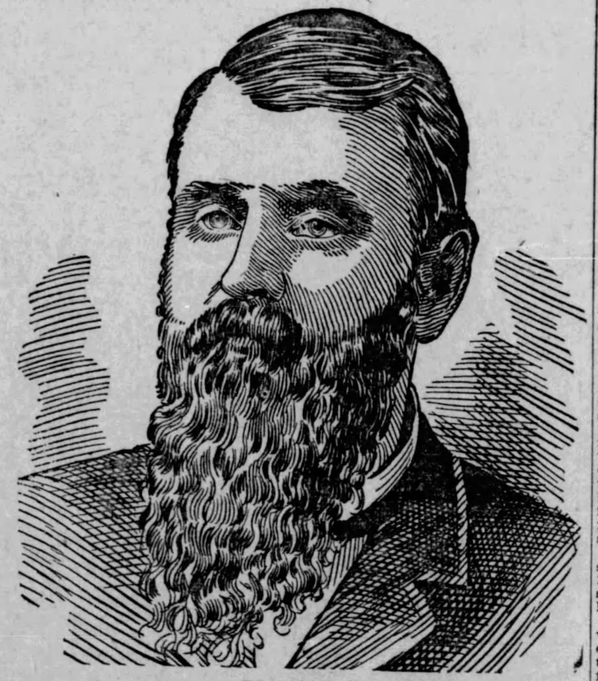
Send Your Address Today for a Free Trial Bottle of the Great Laxative Tonic, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin—a Guaranteed, Permanent Cure.

I want every reader of The Toledo Weekly Blade who suffers from constipation or any other complaint of the stomach, liver and bowels to send to me for a free sample bottle of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin with which thousands have cured themselves permanently in their own homes and with which you can undoubtedly do likewise. You have only to send me your address in the most convenient way, on a postal, for example, and the free bottle will be promptly forwarded to you all charges prepaid.

This remedy has been doing wonders in the cure of the most stubborn constipation, liver trouble, billiousness, sick headache, dyspepsia, dizziness, sour stomach, etc. It contains laxative ingredients that are recognized by scientists the world over to be ideal in cleaning out the bowels and toning up the intestines; and we all know the value of pure pepsin in the cure of indigestion and other stomach troubles. By being both a laxative and tonic it is a great blood purifier and nerve strengthener. Without good digestion and pure blood, and without free, easy and regular bowel movement no man or woman can be healthy, and if you are troubled this way Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will correct and cure the trouble. You can find it on sale in practically every drug store in the U. S. at fifty cents and one dollar a large bottle, but if you have never used it before I want you to try it at my expense first. Let me send you a free trial bottle—free and absolutely free—not for you to pay for if it does you good, but positively free in every sense. You have simply to send me your name and address and I will do the rest. Do it today.

You will find it better than a pill, powder, laxative water or strong cathartic, because these are hard to assimilate and too harsh in action for the average constitution. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a scientific remedy, acts mildly, never gripes and is pleasant tasting. On that account children take to it readily, and because of its mildness, but yet sure action, it is ideal for women and old folks.

Again let me say, if you have any trouble with your stomach, liver or bowels send to me for a free proof bottle of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I am only too glad to send it to anyone who has never used it before as in this way all can make a test of it in their own home without a cent of expense. Last year I gave out over fifty thousand sample bottles, and if you didn't get one write me for it today. I feel sure it will cure. My address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 624 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.



DR. CALDWELL.

Sick people can also write to me for medical advice on any ailment of the stomach, liver and bowels and I will tell them what to do free of charge. I have made these diseases my specialty for nearly half a century and my advice, though I charge you nothing for it, should prove valuable to any sufferer. Those who write for the free sample or for free medical advice will also receive my new book, "3 Rules of Health," a simple guide to correct living and good health. Every head of a house should especially have a copy.

Let me hear from you promptly.

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Our customers everywhere are the best-dressed men one meets, for Clement styles are clever. Our fabrics are all-wool—our tailoring is superb. Clement garments always hold their shapes.

Our prices are amazingly low, because we deal direct—cash tailoring houses, dealing through agents, must charge at least 50% more. We have no agents, so we give you the agent's commission.

We invite you to send for our style book, also for samples of all our spring fabrics. We will also send you a tape line with instructions for taking your measurements. This will take but five minutes, and will save you from $8 to $15 per suit. We guarantee to fit you as perfectly as though you came to our shop.

All suits are sent on approval. No money down—no C. O. D. We don't accept a penny until you try the suit on in your own home, and find it exactly right. Then we allow you six months to pay, without interest or security, red tape or publicity. We simply open a charge account.

You will never buy elsewhere when you learn how pleasant and cheap it is to buy in this way.

STYLES AND SAMPLES FREE

Write us today—a postal will do—and we will send you plates of all the new styles, samples of all the new fabrics, tape line and everything. Just learn, for your own sake, what our methods mean. Don't wait, for our spring line is complete now. Cut out this ad so you won't forget. (6)

THE CLEMENT CO.

522 Franklin St. CHICAGO, ILL.

ROOSEVELT ON NILE

End of Hunting Trip Is Marked by Departure for Khartoum.

Gondokoro, Feb. 28.—Colonel Roosevelt and the others of his immedate party sailed today on the steamer Dal for Khartoum, where they expect to arrive on March 15. With their departure the African scientific expedition under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, and led by the former president of the United States, was, for all practical purposes, brought to a close.

Colonel Roosevelt considers that the killing of the giant elands, in his recent excursion along the upper reaches of the Nile, was a fitting ending of a marvelously successful trip. The results generally, from the standpoint of the hunter and the scientists, have exceeded all expectations.

Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit have killed some 500 specimens of large animals. The bag includes the following: 17 lions, 11 elephants, 11 buffaloes, 10 black rhinoceri, 9 white rhinoceri, 9 hippopotami, 9 giraffes, 8 leopards, 7 chetahs, 3 giant elands, 3 sables, 1 sitatunga and 2 bongoes. All these were killed in the interest of science, and the specimens will be disposed of accordingly, the greater number going to the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Roosevelt will not retain more than six trophies for himself.

From the point of importance, the most highly prized game may be rated as follows: First, the giant elands, the first complete specimen of which family are now being taken from the country; second, the white rhinoceri; third, the bongoes, the first to be stalked and killed by a white man, and, fourth, the sitatunga, a species of antelope.

The naturalists secured a remarkable collection, composing many thousands of birds and other mammals. The results in this line have been most gratifying, and science will be enriched by several new species and an enormous series of the smaller animals of Africa. The collections made constitute a world's record for a similar period of hunting and scientific research in Africa, and the American museums will receive the greatest collection of African fauna in exictence. All agree that too much praise cannot be accorded R. J. Cunninghame, the Englishman whose management of the expedition was as nearly perfect as could be conceived.

Colonel Roosevelt will now devote his time to writing, including the preparation of the addresses which he is to deliver in Europe. He will do no hunting unless, during the trip down the Nile, chance throws in his way an opportunity to secure some rare specimens.

Are You Suffering From Catarrh?

Send a Postal For This Simple, Safe, Reliable Remedy FREE.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

MADE HIS MONEY FLY

Bank Clerk Lived His on $12 a Week.

Boston, Feb. 26.—The attorneys for George W. Coleman, the $12 a week clerk of the Cambridge National City bank, declare that he was fleeced of $40,000 of the $114,000 which he took by a gang of swindlers who induced him to try to break a big faro bank in New York. Coleman, faced with impending discovery of his peculations, fell an easy victim to the swindlers.

Coleman, it is said, was recognized as a "good thing" by Boston members of a gang of swindlers who rightly divined that he could not live as he was doing without drawing on funds of the bank. When they learned that he had lost $10,000 in wagers on the last Boston city election they felt that it was their time to strike. Coleman was induced to go to New York to meet a man who could gaurantee him big results on a cash investment. There he met one of the gang who represented himself as a dischargd employe of a big faro bank gambling house, who knew its crooked system and just how to beat it. Coleman fell.

Other causes of excessive expenditures by the young bookkeeper are said to have been three women upon whom he lavished money. Besides Mrs. Marguerite Taylor, the young Cambridge widow, who has disappeared, the name of Mrs. Lucile Harris, now a resident of Berwick park, and formerly a chorus girl in A Stubborn Cinderella, and The Follies of 1909, is mentioned as that of a recipient of Coleman's bounty.

How much Coleman lost in stock speculation has not been figured, but it is known that he took frequent flyers. He thought nothing of dropping $1,000 at a shot, but seemed sustained by the hope of repeating a $30,000 killing which he made two years ago.

Intimates of the young man tell of strange revels in the bank itself after hours. Women were present at these and boxing bouts by the women are said to have been features of them.

A Chance to Make Money.

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico, where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

SHOOT STRIKERS

State Police Use Pistols When Steel Workers Make Trouble.

South Bethlehem, Feb. 26.—Two strikers were shot by state police this morning during a fight at the Majestic hotel. One was shot in the head and is dying. The other was wounded in the leg.

In front of the Majestic hotel, within a half block of the steel company's main office, the police encountered a crowd that showed considerable resistance. Missiles were thrown at the police, who were ordered to draw their revolvers and fire. The police declare they fired into the air to scatter the crowd, and that unfortunately one of the troopers aimed too low. The bullet struck Joseph Sambo, 38 years old, in the head. Another foreigner whose named was not learned, received a slight flesh wound.

Before this fracas the police had a skirmish in the street with a crowd of 200 strikers. About 30 mounted constabulary, with their long riot sticks in hand, beat back the mob.

The strike at the Bethlehem steel works started February 4, when several hundred machinists quit because they were refused time and half time for extra work. The strike later spread to various departments of the plant, crippling the company to some extent. The strikers were not organized and several breaks occurred, hundreds of men returning to work, but the trouble again began to spread this week when the strikers became more active in picketing. The violence yesterday was due to pickets interfering with men on their way to and from the works.

ROASTS OHIO MEN

Southern Democrat Bitter in His Arraignment of Insurgents.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Representative Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, roasted those whom he termed the near-insurgents of the Ohio delegation to a fine brown in the House yesterday. Incidentally he said the Republicans could do no better than to keep Cannon in the Speaker's chair.

"I would rather have a lion in that chair than a fox," he declared.

Kitchin read what he called a roll of honor. In his roll he included Cassidy, Cole, Johnson and Taylor, all of Ohio. He mentioned a number from other states. He accused these of telling their constituents at home that they were against Cannon, but of supporting Cannon in the House.

Kitchin made the mistake of confusing Cassidy with Howland. Howland has said that he would not support Cannon for the next Speakership, but Cassidy so far has made no statement. Howland and Cassidy, as well as Keifer, were on the floor; but Cole was in a committee meeting and Taylor was sick. None of the three Ohioans made any reply.

Democrats Are Gleeful.

The floor and the galleries were crowded while Kitchin spoke. Three times he was given further leave to speak. The Democrats howled and hammered their desks in glee as he preceeded.

"The Ohio delegation,' he said, "has concluded that it is best for the country to have no more of 'Old Uncle Joe.'

"But let these Ohio friends of mine and the others I have named get up and point out one measure that the Speaker has advocated that they didn't advocate. Let them point out one policy that the Speaker has pursued that they haven't sustained—one rule that they have not upheld. They can play Victor Murdock back in their districts, but they cannot do it before us, who know their records.

"They should specify where they have failed to follow the Speaker. What are they going to do if they come back here? Are they going to put in the Speaker's chair an insurgent who has been ostracized or somebody as much like Cannon as possible?

"Once I saw Joe Jefferson play 'Rip Van Winkle.' Presently I put my handkerchief to my eyes. I was crying. Looking around I saw hundreds of other people crying. Then I said to myself, 'What a fool I am; he's only acting,' and Taylor and Cole and the rest of these are only acting when they say they will oppose Cannon.

Ohioans Called Ungrateful.

"Out home Taylor says, 'I'm done with old Uncle Joe.' And Cole says, 'Me, too,' and of all those upon whom Uncle Joe has bestowed favors there is none who raises a voice in his defense now; not one of those whom he has put upon committees or placed in chairmanships."

Cannon was on the floor of the house while this was going on. He had put Lawrence of Massachusetts in the chair. Cannon smiled under Kitchin's praise. Once he made a movement as if to rise to reply, but he refrained. He appeared to think that he was getting the best of it from the North Carolinian.

Kitchin said also that the "conspirators" who sought to assassinate the speaker, this "great Caesar," were also seeking to assassinate Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee. Kitchin declared that none of the Republicans would be willing to take the responsiblilt for the "all-rich-pain" tariff bill which, he said, brought riches to the rich and pain to the poor.

Telling a number of stories of starving children and of workingmen appealing for food in the large cities Mr. Kitchin concluded each tale with this statement: "And all this under the Aldrich-Payne bill, which no one on the Republican side has the courage to defend."

Mr. Kitchin declared the bill was well named, the Aldrich-Payne bill, a blessing to all the rich and a pain to the hungry people of the country.

"I shall be glad to take all the responsibility for the bill," Payne declared, springing to his feet amid a thunder of applause from the Republican side.

Howland Raps Kitchin.

"If Kitchin had mentioned me," said Congressman Howland afterward, "I should have replied to him. Kitchin's speech was a defense of Cannon and his rules and an attempt to embarrass the Republicans. When the question of free lumber was up in the last congress, Kitchin made a three-hour speech in its favor, but he got no votes in the North Carolina delegation save his own.

"If I wanted to have a proposition go through the house unanimously, I should want Kitchin to oppose it. I have stated my position on Cannon. It is well known in my district. I do my fighting on the reservation."

Cassidy would not discuss Kitchin's attack on him. Cole said he would read the speech and might make a later statement.

MOVING PICTURES OF DAN PATCH 1:55 FREE

MAILED STOCKOWNERS WITH POSTAGE PAID.

THIS IS A SENSATION OF THE WONDERFUL WORLD CHAMPION AND GREATEST TRIUMPH IN THE MARVELOUS AND REALISTIC MOVING PICTURE ART.

It is a New Invention that you can carry in your pocket and show your friends instantly day or night, either once or a hundred times and without a machine, curtain or light. It is the most Attractive Novelty and most pleasing Dan Patch Souvenir ever Invented and shows Every Motion of Dan Patch 1:55 in pacing one of his Marvelous and Thrilling World Record Miles and it is Absolutely True To Life.

I want to assure you that it is the most successful Moving Picture ever taken of a world champion horse in his Wonderful Burst of Speed. If you love a great horse and want to be able to see him in Thrilling Motion Pictures at any time as long as you live **Be Sure And Accept My Remarkable Offer Before They Are Gone.**

I reserve the right to stop mailing these very expensive moving pictures without further notice, as this is a special free and limited offer.

A MILE OF THRILLING RACE PICTURES,

2400 MOVING RACE PICTURES OF DAN PATCH 1:55

and every one of the 2400 pictures shows the King of all Horse Creation as plainly as if you stood on the track and actually saw the mighty Dan Patch 1:55 in one of his Thrilling Speed Exhibitions for a full mile. Just think of it! **2400 Moving Pictures Taken Of Dan** in 1 min. and 55 sec. means 21 pictures taken for every second all of the way around the entire mile track from the back seat of a high power automobile.

You Can See Dan Shake His Head To Let His Driver Know That He Is Ready And Then You Can Watch Every Motion Of His Legs As He Flies Through The Air With His Tremendous Stride Of 29 Feet. As A Study Of Horse Motion Alone This Is Better Than If You Saw The Actual Speed Mile Because You Can See Dan Patch Right Before You For Every Foot Of The Entire Mile And Not A Single Motion Of His Legs, Body Or Head Can Escape You.

You can see his Thrilling Finish as he strains every nerve and muscle to reach the wire in record breaking time, you can see his driver dismount and look at his watch while thousands of people crowd around, you can see his caretaker force his way through the crowds, uncheck Dan and then throw a beautiful woolen blanket over him to prevent catching cold and then you can see him walk up the track before a Madly Cheering Multitude of 90,000 People.

Wherever the Original Moving Picture, of the Fastest Harness Horse In The World, is shown, people involuntarily call out "Come on Dan"—"Come on Dan." The Original Moving Picture Of Dan Patch Pacing A Great Mile Is The Most Realistic, Thrilling Picture You Ever Saw. I Have Taken A Large Number Of The Original 2400 Wonderful Pictures And Made Them Into A Newly Invented Pocket Moving Picture that you can easily carry with you in your pocket and show to your friends at any time, day or night. It does not need a machine, it does not need a curtain and it does not need a light. It is all ready to show instantly, either once or a hundred times

CREATES A SENSATION WHEREVER SHOWN.

If you admire a Great World Champion who has gone more Extremely Fast Miles than All of the Pacers and Trotters Combined that have ever lived then I am sure you will write me today for one of my Wonderful Moving Pictures of the King of all Harness Horse Creation, Dan Patch 1:55. ☞ The Reduced Pictures On This Page Show Dan In 16 Different Positions. YOUR MOVING PICTURES WILL BE MUCH LARGER IN SIZE AND NUMBER.

MY NEW, POCKET MOVING PICTURES MAILED FREE TO ALL STOCKOWNERS

With Postage Prepaid---If You Are A Farmer, Stockman Or Poultry Raiser I Require A Correct Answer To These Three Questions. → **Be Sure** and Answer These Questions.

1st. In what paper did you see my Moving Picture Offer? *2nd.* How many head Each of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry do you own? *3rd* How many acres of land do you own or how many acres of land do you rent? ☞ I Personally Guarantee, Free To You One Of These Marvelous Moving Pictures, If You Write Me Today. You cannot buy them for $5.00 each. — Signed.— M. W. SAVAGE

IF YOU ARE NOT A STOCKOWNER AND WANT THE PICTURES SEND ME TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR POSTAGE,

Packing, etc., In Silver or Stamps and I will mail you this wonderful Moving Picture of Dan Patch 1:55, the fastest harness horse the world has ever seen. -- If you send me Twenty-five Cents in Silver or Stamps--EVEN if you do not own any stock or land, I will mail it to you postage prepaid. It costs Thousands of Dollars to have these made.

☞ **Write At Once to -- M. W. SAVAGE, Minneapolis, Minn.**

I OWN THE 5 FASTEST WORLD CHAMPION STALLIONS EVER OWNED ON ONE FARM IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

TWO WITH RECORDS BELOW TWO MINUTES.

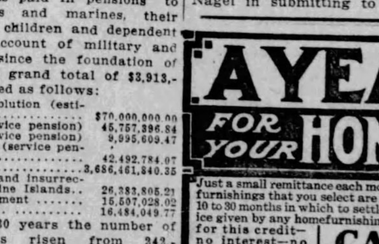
On my "International Stock Food Farm" of 700 acres I own Dan Patch 1:55, Minor Heir 1:59½, Directum Jr. 2:10½, Arion 2:07¾, Roy Wilkes 2:06½ and also about 200 head of Young Stallions, Broad Mares and Colts and they eat "International Stock Food" every day. I will be pleased to have you visit my farm at any time and see my horses and their splendid condition. I feel sure that you never saw their equals at any Fair or Horse Show.

ACTUAL TEST IS WHAT PROVES EVERYTHING IN THIS WORLD. If "International Stock Food" gives paying results for the highest priced horses in the world on my farm it certainly will pay you to use it for all of your stock. Remember that if it ever fails to give your Horses, Cattle, Sheep or Hogs, better assimilation and digestion, purer blood and perfect health with quick growth and fattening that it will not cost you a cent no matter whether you have used one hundred pounds or five hundred pounds and you are to be not only the user but also the sole judge of results. I will leave the entire matter for you to decide and accept your own statement. How the United States Government backs me in claims that "International Stock Food" is strictly a medicinal tonic, blood purifier, etc. During the Spanish-American War, United States officials made a special examination and decided that "International Stock Food" was strictly medical and I paid $40,000.00 patent medicine war tax. Can any honorable man deny this evidence? "International Stock Food" and Label design registered in Medicinal Department as a Trade Mark No. 52791 giving it commercial standing and rights as a distinctive

"TRADE NAME" FOR A MEDICINAL, TONIC PREPARATION

The United States Government issued me a Trade Mark No. 22888 on the world famous lines, 3 Feeds for One Cent—as showing how cheaply International Stock Food can be mixed with the regular grain feed - My label shows a list of the medicinal ingredients used and 250,000 Dealers have sold "International Stock Food" for over 20 years as a medical tonic preparation.

Write to M. W. SAVAGE, Minneapolis, Minn.



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1 MILE IN	1:55¼
2 MILES IN	1:56
14 MILES AVERAGING	1:56½
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For Seven Years Dan Patch has eaten "International Stock Food" every day mixed in his regular grain feed. It has given Dan Purer Blood, More Strength, More Endurance, More Speed and Perfect Health. It is constantly used and strongly endorsed by over Two Million Farmers and Stock Breeders, as the Greatest Animal Tonic, and has been for 20 years. No other preparation has such strong United States Government and practical Stock Breeders Endorsement, as has International Stock Food.

TO CONQUER SENATOR

Foes of Beveridge Plan to Make Him Fight for Re-election.

Washington, Feb. 23.—Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, was served with notice yesterday that he will have to fight to retain his seat. There have been rumors for a long time that the Indiana standpatters are making a gumshoe campaign to retire the "boy orator," as they persist in calling Senator Beveridge despite his graying hair, but now his enemies are fairly out in the open.

The fight against Beveridge is to be led by former Senator Hemenway and former Representative Jim Watson. It was Watson who yesterday virtually announced that the old regime is going after Beveridge. No candidate has been announced yet, but Hemenway is expected to be the one who will enter the list. Or it is possible that if it is thought that Hemenway is not strong enough to win out that efforts will be made to induce former Vice President Fairbanks to return to the senate.

"I believe that Indiana will go Republican in the next election," Watson stated here today. "But whether or not Beveridge is re-elected will depend upon how strong a fight he makes.

"If Senator Beveridge continues to try to drive out of the party all Republicans who hold a view on the tariff different than his own he will have a fight on his hands. It is not reasonable to suppose that Republicans who do not think just as Beveridge does about the tariff law will just stand still and let him say what he pleases about them and their position in politics. I believe that many Republicans of the state approve the tariff law and that they will not hesitate to say so when the time comes."

Mr. Watson made his statement after he had acknowledged Senator Beveridge's triumph in another fight, namely, for the federal patronage of the state. Three weeks ago the President recognized Beveridge as the patronage dispenser, but his standpat enemies made a fuss about it in the senate and there were threats of holding up confirmation of any appointees he might name. Yesterday, however, Watson notified Senator Boies Penrose, chairman of the committee on postoffices and post roads, that no further opposition to the confirmation of Beveridge named postmasters would be made. Immediately three of the Beveridge appointees were confirmed.

It was after that declaration was made that Watson gave it out that the fight against Beveridge is to be shifted from Washington to Indiana. So Watson was feeling a little sore when he made his statement about the coming fight back home.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

MANY PENSIONERS ABROAD

United States Has More Than 5,000 Aliens on Its Rolls.

Washington, Feb. 28.—In the report of the appropriations committee on the pension bill, now before congress, it is shown that, not including the amount asked for in this bill, $155,674,000—which, by the way, is $5,234,000 less than last year's pension bill—the government has paid in pensions to soldiers, sailors and marines, their widows, minor children and dependent relatives, on account of military and naval service since the foundation of the republic, a grand total of $3,913,082,513.73, divided as follows:

War of the Revolution (estimate)	$70,000,000.00
War of 1812 (service pension)	45,757,396.84
Indian wars (service pension)	9,895,609.47
War with Mexico (service pension)	42,492,784.07
Civil War	3,686,461,340.35
War with Spain and Insurrection in Philippine Islands	26,383,805.21
Regular establishment	16,507,028.02
Unclassified	16,484,049.77

In the past 30 years the number of pensioners has risen from 242,755 (1879) to 999,446 (1902), and is now put down at 946,194. The average annual value of each pension in 1909 was $169.82, while for the Spanish war they averaged $126.83; civil war, general law, $219.96; regular establishment, $181.77. Ohio leads the states in the number of pensioners, with 92,507, closely followed by Pennsylvania (92,066) and New York (83,394). Alaska has 90, Porto Rico 32, Philippines 41 and Hawaii 74. During the year 1909 pension money to the amount of $451,540.53 was sent to Canada, $99,540.40 to Germany, $78,951.80 to Ireland, $63,685.73 to England, $27,461.70 to Mexico, $14,920.30 to Scotland, $12,360.37 to Australia and $10,470.40 to Switzerland. In 64 foreign countries we have a total of 5,047 pensioners, who drew last year $863,607.88 from the United States treasury.

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Include in your list every single article you need to build or improve. It makes no difference whether you need a full carload or not, we will save you money. Our stock includes everything in the building material line and it is good material too; nothing better manufactured. Every dollar's worth of merchandise we sell is covered by a binding guarantee. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere.

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FUND FOR WHITE SLAVE WAR

Nagel Thinks $100,000 Could Be Well Invested.

Washington, Feb. 26.—The expenditure of $100,000 a year in stamping out the "white slave" traffic would be money well spent, says Secretary Nagel in submitting to the house a recommendation that the total estimate for regulating immigration be increased from $2,400,000 to $2,560,000.

Mr. Nagel says the enforcement of the "white slave" traffic bill, now in conference between the two houses and expected to become a law in a few days, will cost $100,000 and that the work will have to be prosecuted differently from the ordinary immigration law enforcement.

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FAVORS YOUTH OF FRANCE

Roosevelt Has a Special Message to Deliver.

Paris, March 1.—The program adopted by the council of the University of Paris for the entertainment on March 16 of Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, subject to the subsequent approval of the guest, is as follows:

At 1 p. m. Mr. Roosevelt will be officially received; at 3 o'clock he will deliver his lecture in the grand amphitheatre at the Sorbonne; at 7 o'clock he will be the guest at dinner of the rector and factulty of the University of Paris, and this will be followed at 10 o'clock by a reception at which he will meet those best known in the scientific, literary and artistic world of Paris.

As Mr. Roosevelt has requested specifically that he be permitted to speak to the young men of France admission to his lecture at the Sorbonne will be restricted to students and professors.

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Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have decided to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

GARFIELD HELPS PINCHOT CAUSE

Washington, March 1.—When the Ballinger-Pinchot committee of inquiry met today in the senate office building there was pending the question as to whether or not Gifford Pinchot, the witness on the stand, should be allowed to give his version of conversations had with President Taft. It was announced that Pinchot's counsel would not press for a ruling on the point. This put an end to the question of involving the President's personal attitude.

When Mr. Pinchot resumed the stand Attorney Pepper began to question him as to the sequence of events following July 1, 1909, when the former forester said he first heard of the Cunningham claims through forestdy officials in the west. When he heard what his subordinates in Washington had done at Glavis' request looking to a postponement of the hearings of the Cunningham claims, he approved thoroughly.

And if there was anything unusual in the interference of the forest service, Mr. Pinchot read a letter signed by President Roosevelt May 17, 1905, directing the secretary of the interior to co-operate with the forestry service as to lands in forest reserves and to adopt the service's findings as far as possible.

Heard Glavis' Story.

The witness next told of his interview with Glavis at Spokane, on August 9, 1909. The meeting was not by appointment, and Mr. Pinchot said he posibly had met Glavis once before, he was not sure. Glavis laid all his evidence before him, Mr. Pinchot said, and spoke of publishing the whole story.

"I was deeply impressed by what Glavis said and urged him to go to the President. I did this because I thought a scandal would arise, as it since has arisen, and I thought the President ought to have an opportunity to protect himself and his administration."

Mr. Pinchot read in evidence the letter of introduction he gave Glavis to the President. In this letter he said he had known Glavis for several years. The witness explained again that he thought he had met Glavis once before; at any rate, he said, he had known him for several years.

As to law officer Shaw going to Chicago to assist Glavis in the preparation of his statement to the President, Mr. Pinchot said the impression had gone forth that Shaw had assisted Glavis in preparing an article published in a weekly paper. This was not true, the witness declared, for such an article could not have been in contemplation when Shaw was with Glavis. After being in Spokane, Mr. Pinchot said he went for a vacation off the southern coast of California with Senator Flint.

The witness here read into evidence the full text of a letter written to him by President Taft from Beverly September 13, 1909, at the same time he wrote to Secretary Ballinger exonerating him from the Glavis charges. In this letter the president expressed renewed confidence in Mr. Pinchot, but urged him not to make Glavis's cause his own. He referred to Glavis as disingenuous and as a man who had let one idea run away with his judgment. The president expressed regret that Mr. Pinchot did not share his confidence and trust in Mr. Ballinger. Mr. Pinchot also read his reply to the president, dated November 4, 1909, in which he renewed his criticism of Secretary Ballinger.

The President's Letter.

The President's letter to Mr. Pinchot in full was as follows:

"Beverly, Mass., Sept. 13, 1909.

"My Dear Gifford—I enclose herewith a letter which I am about to send to Secretary Ballinger for such use as he sees fit, in reference to the charges made by Glavis against Secretary Ballinger, Pierce, Dennett and Schwartz. I have reached this conclusion only after a full consideration of Glavis' statement, and their answers to it; but I never reached a conclusion based on a stronger conviction than this one is.

"Glavis seems to be a man who has acquired but one idea, and who has allowed his suspicions to grow to such a point as to be altogether disingenuous in the statement of evidence which he adduces to sustain his attack upon his superiors.

"I have made no reference to you in his letter, which will probably be made public, because I do not wish to bring you into the controversy at all. I have advised Mr. Ballinger and his subordinates that I wish your name left out of the matter in their answers and reference, should it become necessary, as is not unlikely, to send the whole record to congress. I am aware from the tone of your letter and from your conversation with me, that you did not give to Mr. Ballinger the confidence and trust which I do; and in this respect I think you do Mr. Ballinger injustice. I think you have allowed your enthusiastic interest in the cause of conservation, and your impatience at legal obstacles and difficulties to mislead you in this regard, and that Glavis himself has led you to regard as suspicious a number of things which, when weighed in the light of all the circumstances, now shown, are lacking in evidential force to sustain such a serious charge as that of bad faith against officials who have heretofore shown themselves to be entirely trustworthy.

"I write this to urge you that you do not make Glavis' cause yours. You had no access to the records which Glavis had access to, and you did not know the explanation for some of the things that he pointed out as suspicious, which he ought to have made known to you and to me. I cannot for a minute permit him to remain as a subordinate in the interior department, or in the public service. It would be fatal to proper discipline. On the other hand, I wish you to know that I have the utmost confidence in your conscientious desire to serve the government and the public, in the intensity of your purpose to achieve success in the matter of conservation of national resources, and in the immense value of what you have done and propose to do with reference to forestry and kindred methods of conservation, and that I am thoroughly in sympathy with all of these policies, and propose to do everything that I can to maintain them, insisting only that the action for which I become responsible, or for which my administration becomes responsible shall be within the law. I write this letter in order to prevent hasty action on your part in taking up Glavis' cause or in objecting to my sustaining Ballinger and his subordinates within the interior department as a reason for your withdrawing from the public service.

"I should consider it one of the greatest losses that my administration could sustain if you were to leave it, and I sincerely hope that you will not think that my action in writing the enclosed letter to Secretary Ballinger is reason for your taking a step of this character. When a man has been unjustly treated, as Secretary Ballinger has been in the manner pointed out in the letter a copy of which is sent you, it is my duty as his chief, with the knowledge that I have of his official integrity and his lack of culpability, to declare it to the public, and do him justice, however great inconvenience may arise in other respects.

"I have been greatly disturbed by the public discussion carried on in the press, from which it is inferred that your bureau is arrayed against the interior department, and that material is being furnished for both sides from official sources. I was especially distressed by McHarg's reported interviews, though I believe he now repudiates any criticism or slurring remarks concerning President Roosevelt. He was an efficient officer, but he talked too much, and wildly, and his withdrawal relieved me. I must bring public discussion between departments and bureaus to an end. It is most demoralizing and subversive of governmental discipline and efficiency. I want you to help me in this. I can enforce this work if I can keep public servants out of newspaper discussion. Very sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM H. TAFT."

Mr. McHarg was reported to have said that "Roosevelt believed himself to be the Lord."

Mr. Pinchot said he talked with President Taft about the Ballinger-Glavis matter in Salt Lake last September. Mr. Pepper here publicly announced that Mr. Pinchot desired to acquiesce in the view of Mr. Vertrees that conversations with the President should not be repeated. The witness declared, however, that he was breaking no "seal of confidence" in giving out letters to and from the President.

Reads Garfield Letter.

Mr. Pepper read a letter written November 6 last to President Taft by former Secretary of the Interior James R. Garfield, in which he, too, sharply criticised Mr. Ballinger.

"The claim that I acted illegally," said Mr. Garfield, "is based entirely upon the fundamental difference between my policy and that of Mr. Ballinger. I felt free, under the supervisory power and executive discretion of a cabinet officer, to take action in the interest of the people so far as there was no prohibitory provision of law. Mr. Ballinger seems to take the position that he will not act, even in the interest of the people, unless there is a specific permissory or mandatory provision of law." The Garfield letter then proceeded with a detailed explanation of what had been done in the matter of power withdrawals during his administration.

There was next read Secretary Ballinger's reply to President Taft regarding the Garfield and Pinchot letters. In this letter Mr. Ballinger said: "I am convinced that much of the animus against me is due to the fact that I have had to find so many of my predecessor's acts were without warrant of law."

Pinchot claimed in his preliminary statement that Ballinger in his letter had been guilty of three misrepresentations to the President. He wished to point out the first of these, he said, by the declaration that the letter and the exhibits "don't match." Mr. Pinchot said the letter referred to reclamation withdrawals, whereas the exhibits cited by Mr. Ballinger referred wholly to withdrawals made under a supervisory power.

Mr. Pinchot next read from the letter this statement by Mr. Ballinger: "The only error I made in the whole matter was in not making restorations and re-withdrawals (of power site lands) concurrently, which I would have done had I been as conversant with the facts then as now."

"Do you consider the course taken by Secretary Ballinger in restoring all these lands without investigation looking to re-withdrawal a proper one?" asked Attorney Pepper.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Pinchot. "I will give you an illustration: Suppose a lot of my neighbor's chickens had gotten mixed up with mine. I wouldn't have driven the whole flock out of the road and depended upon getting mine back. I would have gone among the chickens while they were in my yard, picked out those belonging to my neighbor and thrown them over the fence."

Mr. Pinchot declared that former Secretary Garfield often had told him that he had told Secretary Ballinger he believed that Cunningham's claims were fraudulent, whereas Ballinger, according to a witness, sought to give the impression that Mr. Garfield had not made any such statement.

Pinchot Modifies Charge.

A decided surprise came at this point in the development that Mr. Pinchot's charge that Mr. Ballinger had in his reply to the President made statements that were "absolutely false in three essential particulars" were not based upon Mr. Ballinger's letter, but upon a letter written by Mr. Ballinger's former law partner, J. T. Ronald, to Dr. Lyman Abbott. Mr. Ballinger had sent this letter to the President "as a part of his office," according to Mr. Pinchot.

Mr. Ronald, in his letter, said that without knowledge of the records, he felt no hesitation in contending in behalf of Mr. Ballinger that (1) Special Agent Jones never made a report dealing with the Cunningham case; that (2), the order revoking the clearing list of the Cunningham claims was not based upon a protest by Glavis, and that (3), Mr. Ballinger never appeared before a congressional committee in the interest of any Alaska claimants.

Mr. Pinchot said it appeared from a copy of Mr. Ronald's letter, which he read, that Mr. Ronald based his statements on a magazine article containing them against which were noted the marginal note "no," in Mr. Ballinger's handwriting.

Mr. Pinchot claimed that Jones, in his testimony before the committee, showed that he had reported on the Cunningham claims; that Mr. Ballinger admitted in a letter to the President that the clear listing order was revoked on the protest of Glavis, and that Mr. Ballinger in his testimony before a congressional committee referred to a group of 33 claims which could have meant only the Cunningham interests.

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CHILD'S HAND BRUSHES ASIDE SUPREME COURT'S FORMALITIES

Washington, Feb. 26.—The millenium for women has arrived; one of the fair set has "sat on the bench" of the supreme court of the United States, while that august tribunal was engaged in the solemn performance of its duty under the constitution. The honor fell to little Miss Wells, of Boston, granddaughter of Justice Brewer. When she and her mother came to the court yesterday afternoon the grandfather left his place on the bench to join them on the seats reserved for the families of members. The three-year old lassie is very fond of her grandfather and followed him as he started to go to the bench.

Finding the child beside him as he took his seat the associate justice took her on his knee. Probably such a spectacle had never been seen before in the 120 years' history of the court. The other justices were interested. Justice Harlan hunted for some plaything to give the little visitor, but after futile search of his pockets the best he could produce was a rubber band. The little New Englander snapped her august grandfather in the face with it, but he did not mind. The young lady on the bench was finally escorted by to her mother by the dignified supreme court marshal.

BIG HARVEST NEEDED

Will Restore Equilibrium, Says Henry Clews.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, Feb. 28.—This is a period of the year when the market frequently shows a quiet tendency, says Henry Clews' Weekly Financial Review. Many operators are absent on midwinter vacations; general business is quiet, and there is a disposition to postpone new committments until the approach of spring, which is usually a sign for resuming activity. Nevertheless a good undertone prevails, and confidence tends to increase rather than diminish. In higher financial circles there is still more or less doubt concerning the Presidential policy at Washington and the outcome of important impending supreme court decisons affecting the American Tobacco-Standard Oil and Union Pacific; but when these uncertainties are out of the way there will inevitably be less hesitatio.i.

During the last two or three weeks quite a rally has taken place from the extreme low prices since the opening of the year, and this induced temporary selling on the part of traders. Stocks, however, are still low, and many of the better class issues offer returns at the present figures which attract shrewd investors. The bond market also shows a decidedly better tone, which is significant, and Europe has been a considerable buyer of the better class stocks and bonds. Already the improvement has been sufficient to encourage the early placing of long deferred issues.

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory feature in the situation, next to the political outlook, is the course of our foreign trade. Exports continue abnormally low, leaving, owing to large imports, a heavy foreign indebtedness which must be settled either by gold exports or security shipments. As Europe is unwilling to absorb large quantities of the latter, and as conditions are not yet favorable to reduction of our foreign indebtedness, it follows that our position in this respect is not a strong one. The situation will be further influenced by the approaching maturity of many of the short term loans which Europe took in 1906 and 1907. The only cure for this difficulty in our international trade is lower prices for commodities. It is the high prices of merchandise which have been mainly instrumental in bringing about these abnormal conditions. Our exports of cotton, breadstuffs and meats have been materially diminished by high prices, the same influence having also abnormally stimulated imports. Unless the foreign markets come up to our level in prices, which is not likely, there can be no cure for this difficulty except that, as just said, of lower prices.

This again brings us to the great importance of a big harvest in 1910. Nothing short of this will restore our equilibrium and preserve prosperity. The country is sorely in need of larger supplies of everything that grows under cultivation. High prices ought to prove an immediate stimulus to agriculture, which now affords profits not seen in many years. The country is suffering from insufficient production, and its salvation lies in big crops for the coming season. Such crops would now prove peculiarly disastrous, not only checking business activity but creating a dangerous degree of discontent, which would inevitably follow any further increase in the cost of food products. We are now paying the penalty, and a dear penalty it is, for the foolish efforts in many directions to restrict production. Trusts, unions and farmers have all alike been preaching the gospel of restriction. What we most need is production in abundance in the next harvest.

General business, though quiet as usual at this season, is fairly active. A much more conservative tone prevails than existed at the opening of the year and both jobbers and retailers are conducting their operations upon a hand-to-mouth basis, fearing to carry large stocks under present conditions. This is wholesome, although it leaves manufacturers in a somewhat perplexed state of mind. Labor troubles are more or less unsettling, and sometimes embarrassing, but must be considered as part of the process of re-adjustment which is steadily going on. The better compensation to labor is not begrudged by those able to afford it, but is nevertheless recognized as placing the country more firmly upon a high price level, from which it will be the more difficult to recede when reaction arrives. Clearing house returns are running 20 to 25 per cent ahead of last year, and part of this increase must be attributed to the higher level of prices. Railroad earnings, both gross and net, showed some shrinkage in December and also in January. This, however, was largely due to the interruption of traffic by bad weather conditions and a consequent increase in expenditures. In the iron trade there is some improvement, and with the approach of spring, which is not far distant, there will unquestionably be a a resumption of constructive work. There is much activity in the real estate field, especially near the great cities, and this is likely to keep many industries well employed for some time to come. Altogether the outlook is favorable, though not without its uncertainties and pitfalls.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, Feb. 22.—Senate.—The Senate heard Washington's farewell address read, passed a few bills of minor importance and adjourned.

House.—The House passed the Indian appropriation bill practically in the form recommended by the committee, carrying $8,250,000. The postoffice appropriation measure was then taken up and after being in session for five and one-half hours the House adjourned.

Wednesday, Feb.23.—Senate—The Senate heard an extended argument by Senator Brown in favor of an income tax. Senator Beveridge explained the nature of bills he had introduced in the present Congress relating to the Alaskan coal deposits would, in time, be needed by the entire country. He estimated the total coal tonnage of Alaska at 15,000,000,000 tons.

House.—The Sherley bill for a uniform bankruptcy law was passed by the House, which adjourned at 5:30 until tomorrow.

Friday, Feb. 25.—Senate.—Senator Owen spoke in favor of postal savings banks and incidentally in defense of the Oklahoma savings bank law. The senate practically cleared all bills from its calendar. The bill for the payment of $287,000 on account of claims of letter carriers because of extra service was among those passed.

House—Political speeches delivered in time allotted for debate on the postoffice bill characterized the proceedings of the house. Representative Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, created amusement by arraigning the "near insurgents" for what he termed their hypocrisy in opposing Speaker Cannon merely to please their constituents and obtain a re-election without any expectation or desire of displacing the speaker. A number of speeches were made in support of a policy for a rapid extension of the free delivery service and upon other phases of the postoffice bill.

Monday, Feb. 28.—Senate—At a two hours' session the senate passed the Aldrich bill providing for a commission of senators, representatives and civil appointees to be selected by the President to supervise the business methods of the executive departments of the overnment, by which it is hoped to save $100,000,000 a year.

House—The postoffice appropriation bill was under consideration in the house during the entire session, which lasted over six hours.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, March 1.—Clashing of influences brought on nervousness in wheat on the call today, prices up till midday ranging a shade lower than the previous close. Despite favorable crop conditions Liverpool opened firm and higher. The British market was buoyed up to some extent by yesterday's advance in the United States. Chief features in the domestic situation were continued reports of damage from the growing section and prospects of rather favorable weather. Receipts were generally large throughout the country. Toledo cash and May opened unchanged at $1.24 and $1.25¼ respectively and July showed a loss of ¼c in starting at $1.10⅝. The only change for a time after the opening was a decline of ⅛c in the far month.

Cinch bug damage in the southwest was denied from St. Louis. In the northwest offerings were liberal. The weight of damage reports was materially lessened late in the day, and at the closes prices were lower all around. Cash closed ⅝c off at $1.23½; May ¾c down at $1.24½ and September off at $1.10.

Corn receipts were liberal, but good demand helped the market. Prospects of an increase in stocks have not weakened the situation so far. May opened unchanged at 68c, July unchanged at 69⅛c and September at the same price. May and July advanced ¼c and the remote month ⅛c before 10 a. m.

Closes in corn: Cash, 65¼c; May, 68c; July and September, 69⅛c.

Steady at the start, oats lost about ⅛c within the first hour or so. May started at 49¾c, July at 47⅝c and September at 42c.

Oats closes: Cash, 49c; May, 49¾c; July 47⅝c; May, 42c.

Receipts of clover seed were 300 bags against 1,000 a year ago. There were shipped 685 bags, compared with 1,060 sent out a year ago. Prices were inclined to show losses early in the day. Cash, February and March opened at $8.20, April at $7.90 and October at $7.17½.

Cash and March closed 2½c off at $8.22½; April 5c lower at $7.90, and October 5c up at $7.20.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close— Mar.1	Feb.28
Cash	1.24	....	....	1.23½	1.14¼
May	1.25¼	1.25⅝	....	1.24½	1.24¼
July	1.10⅝	1.10⅞	....	1.10	1.11
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	65¼	65
May	68	68⅝	....	68	68
July	69½	69¾	....	69½	69½
Sept.	69½	69⅞	....	69½	69½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	49	48¾
May	49¾	....	49¾	49¾	49¾
July	47⅝	....	47⅝	47⅝	47⅝
Sept.	42	....	41⅞	42	42
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.20	8.27½	....	8.22½	8.25
March	8.20	8.27½	....	8.22½	8.25
April	7.90	7.95	....	7.90	7.95
Oct.	7.17½	7.22½	....	7.20	7.15
No. 2	....	....	....	8.10	....
No. 3	....	....	....	7.80@7.90	
Rejct	....	....	....	1.70@7.77½	
N. E. G.	....	....	....	2.40@7.20	
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	....	82
No. 3	....	....	....	....	78
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.95	1.95
March	....	....	....	1.95	1.95
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.65	7.65
March	....	....	....	7.65	7.65

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.15⅛	1.14⅜	1.14⅞	1.14⅞	1.15⅜
July	1.08⅝	....	1.07⅛	1.07⅛	1.08⅜
Sept.	1.04⅜	....	1.03¾	1.03½	1.04⅛
Corn—					
May	66¼	66⅝	....	65⅞	66¼
July	67⅛	67⅜	....	67¼	67⅜
Sept.	67⅞	67⅞	....	67⅜	68
Oats—					
May	47¼	47¼	47¼	47¼	47¼
July	44⅜	44⅝	....	44⅜	44⅝
Sept	41⅛	41⅜	41	41¼	41¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.23½	....	1.23	1.23½	1.23⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.14⅜	....	....	1.13⅜	1.14½
July	1.06½	....	....	1.05⅞	1.06⅜

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.14¼	1.14⅜
July	....	....	....	1.14⅜	1.15

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.14¾	1.15½
July	....	....	....	1.15	1.15½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	24.80	25.00	....	24.97	24.55
July	24.80	24.97	....	24.87	24.55
Sept.	24.55	....	....	24.62	....
Lard—					
May	13.30	....	13.27	13.30	13.20
July	13.30	....	13.22	13.22	13.17
Sept.	13.27	....	13.22	13.25	13.20
Ribs—					
May	12.95	....	12.92	12.95	12.87
July	12.90	....	12.82	12.87	12.85

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, March 1.—Receipts of hogs were liberal and the market advanced another 10c over yesterday's close. An early clearance was made and the market closed firm. Other lines ruled steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $10; good mediums, $10; heavy yorkers, $10; light, yorkers $9.65@9.75; good mixed, $10; good pigs, $9.60@9.75; bulk of sales, $10; stags and roughs, $7.50@9.25.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.65; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.25; prime export bulls, $4.50@5; good butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $4.50@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.50; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.25; stockers, good to choice $4.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.50@4.00; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and lambs—Prime wethers, $5.50@6.00; good to choice mixed, $4.50@5.50; fair to good $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $3.50@4.00; yearlings, $5.50@6.50; lambs, fair to good, $7.50@8.00; lambs, top, $8.75; common, light, $6.00@7.00; culls, $5.00@6.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9@9.50; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pail-fed, $5.00@7.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 1.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 6,500, market steady; beeves, $4.35@8.10; Texas steers, $4.60@5.75; western steers, $4.60@6.35; stockers and feeders $3.50@5.85; cows and heifers, $2.60@6.25; calves, $7.25@9.75. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 1,400, market steady; light, $9.45@9.80; mixed, $9.50@9.92½; heavy, $9.55@10.00; rough, $9.55@9.70; good to choice heavy, $9.70@10.00; pigs, $8.50@9.50; bulk of sales, $9.75@9.85. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 10,000, market weak; native, $4.90@7.80; western, $5.25@7.85; yearlings, $7.75@8.70; lambs, native, $7.75@9.25; western, $7.75@9.25.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, March 1.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 20 cars, higher; mediums and Yorkers, $10; pigs, $9.60. Lambs, $9.15. Calves, $10.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 1.—(By Livestock Journal.)—Cattle—Steady. Hogs, 1,200, 5 to 10c higher; prime and mixed, $10.10@10.15; mediums, $10.10; Yorkers, $10.05@10.00; lights, $9.75@9.85; pigs, $9.60@9.70. Sheep—Steady, $7.60 down; lambs, slow, top, $9.25. Calves—Slow, $10.25.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, March 1.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 8 cars, steady. Hogs, 10 cars, higher; heavy, $10.15@10.25; Yorkers, $10.10@10.15; pigs, $9.80. Sheep, 10 cars, slow; best lambs, $9.30@9.40; yearlings, $8.25@8.60; wethers, $7.40@7.60; ewes, $6.50@7.00. Calves, $5.00@10.50.

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 1.—Wall Street.)—The opening demand for stocks today was languid and only sufficient to cause small fractional advances. There were a few small declines. After the execution of the accumulated orders the ticker came almost to a standstill.

Room traders succeeded in forcing Union Pacific and St. Paul a point under yesterday's closing and Reading as much below its high price. The low prices attracted new buyers again, and there was a brisk rally all around, to about the opening level.

Prices advanced on light transactions, until International Harvester had gained 2¼, Pittsburg C. C. & St. Louis preferred 1½, and New York Central, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie, American Car and General Electric 1. Southern Railway preferred declined 1. Bonds were irregular.

Speculation became strong in tone and dealings more active, with a good demand for the recognized market leaders. Reading, Pennsylvania, United States Steel, Amalgamated Copper, Consolidated Gas, American Smelting and American Woolen moved up a point, Northwestern, Kansas City Southern and Distillers Securities 1½, American Can preferred 1¾ and American Beet Sugar 2.

New York Stocks.

New York, March 1, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p. m.
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	125	125	125	125
Atchison	115⅞	116¼	115½	116¼
Am. Car & F. Co.	63½	63⅝	63½	63⅝
Anaconda	49¾	49⅞	49¼	49½
Amal. Copper	77	77⅞	76⅜	77⅝
Am. Smelters	83¼	83⅞	82⅞	83⅝
Am. Woolen Co.	37½	37⅞	37¾	37½
Am. Tobacco pfd.	94	94	94	94
Am. Beet Sugar	39	40	39	40
Balt. & Ohio	112¼	112¼	111⅞	111⅞
B'lyn R. Trans.	75⅛	76⅜	75⅛	75⅜
Cast I. Pipe com.	25⅞	25⅝	25⅝	25⅝
Chicago & G. W.	31⅝	31⅝	31⅝	31⅝
Canadian Pac	179¾	179⅞	179¾	179¾
Clover Leaf	43¼	43⅝	42¾	43⅜
Clover Leaf pfd.	66¼	66⅝	66¼	66⅝
Colorado Fuel	39¾	39¾	39⅝	39¾
Ches. & Ohio	84¼	84¼	83¾	84¼
Central Leather	43¾	44¼	43½	44¼
Consolidated aGs	145⅞	146	145	146
Can pfd	77	77	77	77
Del. & Hudson	175	175	175	175
Distillers Sec	32	32⅞	32	32⅞
Gt. Northern pfd.	137⅞	138¼	137¼	137½
Int. Paper	13¾	13⅞	13¾	13⅞
Interborough com	22½	23⅜	22	23¾
Interborough pfd	55½	55⅞	55¼	55¾
K. C. So.	38¼	38½	38¼	38½
Louis. & Nash.	152¼	153½	152	153½
M., K. & T. com.	42⅞	43⅜	42⅞	43⅜
Nor. Pacific	136	136⅞	135¾	136
Nat'l Lead	91⅞	92¼	91⅜	92¼
Northwestern	156⅜	157½	156⅜	157
North Am. Co.	79	79¼	79	79
N. Y. Central	122	123¼	121⅞	122⅞
N. & W. com.	101	101	100⅝	100⅝
Ont. & Western	45¼	45¼	45¼	45¼
Penn. Ry.	134¼	135¼	134	135¼
People's Gas Co.	110⅜	110½	110⅜	110⅜
Reading com	167¼	168¼	166⅜	167
Rock Island com.	48¾	48¾	48¾	49⅜
Rock Island pfd.	86½	86½	86½	86½
Rep. I. & S. Co.	39	39¾	39	39
Rep. Pref.	101⅜	101⅞	101⅜	101⅝
So. Ry.	29	29¼	28¾	29
So. Ry. Pref.	65	65	65	65
St. Paul	145¼	145⅝	144¾	145¾
Southern Pacific	126	126⅞	125⅝	126⅛
Third Ave.	39¾	39¾	39¾	39¾
Texas Pacific	30	30	30	30
Union Pacific	185⅝	186¼	184⅝	185⅞
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	109⅜	109⅝	109¼	109⅝
U. S. Steel	81¾	82⅜	81¾	82¼
U. S. Steel pfd.	120	120⅛	120	120⅛
U. S. Steel 5s.	105¼	105¼	105¼	105¼
Utah Copper	49¼	50	49¼	50
Vir